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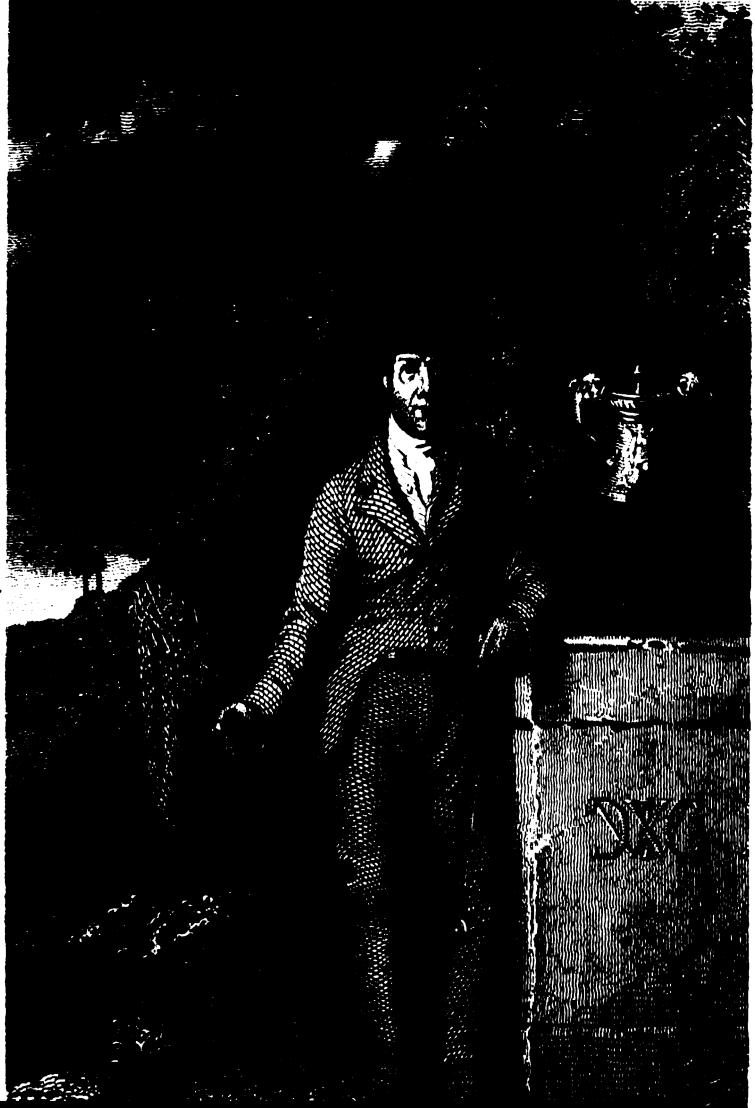
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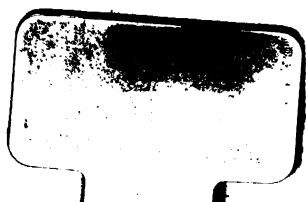
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*The angler, a poem [based on T.
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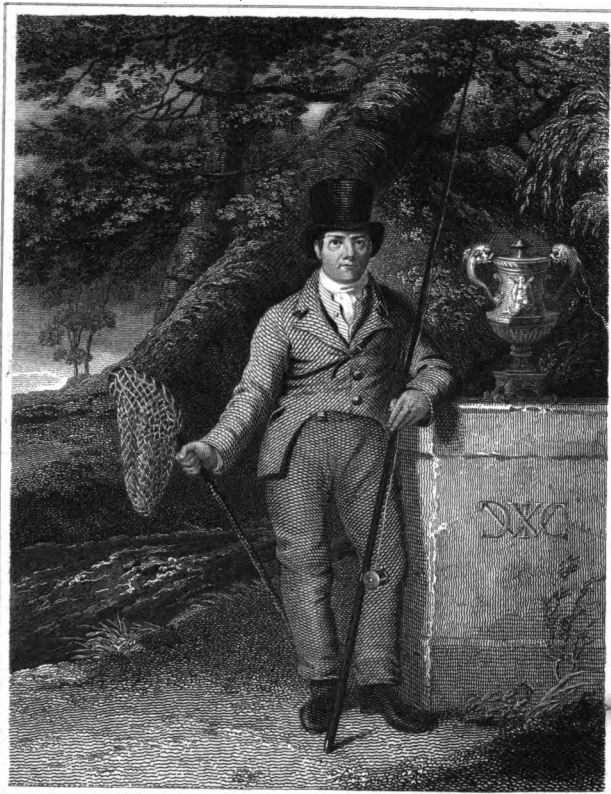
Thomas Pike Lathy, Thomas Scott

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THE
A N G L E R.





A Cooper A.R.A. Amx.

J. Scott. Sculp.

THE
A N G L E R ;
A Poem,

IN TEN CANTOS;

COMPRISING
PROPER INSTRUCTIONS IN THE ART,

WITH RULES TO CHOOSE
FISHING RODS, LINES, HOOKS, FLOATS, BAITS,
AND TO MAKE ARTIFICIAL FLIES;

Receipts for Pastes, &c. &c. /

Embellished with upwards of Twenty beautiful Wood Cuts.

By **T. P. LATHY, Esq.**



1870
LONDON:

PRINTED FOR SHERWOOD, NEELY, AND JONES,
PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1822.

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PREFATORY ADDRESS

TO THE

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN OF GREAT BRITAIN.



NATURE maintains so unvarying a course in all her operations, that no man of sound judgment will expect any thing very new in a Treatise on the ART OF. ANGLING, especially if he have been lucky enough to have possessed himself of the works of Mr. Isaac Walton, and Charles Cotton, Esq. the fathers of the art, who have treated so profoundly, and so judiciously on it, as to leave little more to those who follow in the same track, than to

improve upon their (now) antiquated language. Of the former, particularly, it has been observed, that "he seems an original and model to all who have come after, as Virgil appears among the writers (ever since) of Georgics and Pastoral." Another author has observed, "this art seems to have arrived at its highest perfection, almost at once, and to have been the same in Mr. Walton, as that of Poetry was in Homer. The improvements that are made by the generality of late writers are indeed so few, and for the most part so trivial, rather adding to and perplexing his words, like the commentators on the Greek Poet, than either clearing up or enlarging his sense, that one cannot but wonder at seeing so much done, to so little purpose."*

* See "The Compleat Angler, or Contemplative Man's Recreation," in two parts, by the ingenious and celebrated

There are so many other, and so highly respectable writers in favour of this pleasing recreation—this friend to contemplation,—that the bare recapitulation of their names will be its sufficient eulogium. The learned Dr. Perkins, Dr. Whitaker,* Dr. Nowell,† Sir Henry Wotton, R. Nobbes,‡ Col. Venables,

Mr. Isaac Walton and Charles Cotton, Esq. published by Moses Browne, author of *Piscatory Eclogues*, &c. First Edition, London, 1750. Mr. Walton wrote his part of the *Compleat Angler*, so long back as 1653. He published five Editions during his life-time: all the editions are now very scarce.

* Queen's Professor in Cambridge in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

† Dean of St. Paul's, London, whose portrait has been preserved in Brazen-nose College, (to which he was a liberal benefactor,) in which he is drawn leaning on a desk with his Bible before him, and under one hand are lines, hooks, and other fishing tackle, and above him angling rods of several sorts, to denote his attachment to the art.

‡ Mr. Nobbes published a treatise entitled, "The Compleat Troller," in 1682, now very scarce.

Mr. Leonard Mascall,* &c. &c. all evinced their love for the art in theory as well as practice: and Sir Henry Wotton describes it as an “employment for his idle time, which was not then idly spent;—for angling was, after tedious study, a rest to his mind, a cheerer of his spirits, a diverter of sadness, a calmer of unquiet thoughts, a moderator of passions, a procurer of contentedness, and that it begat habits of peace and patience in those who professed, and practised it.” So numerous, too, have been the recent writers in its favour, that it would be absurd to offer any thing in its defence—unnecessary to say a syllable more in its praise.

All that remains, therefore, to an amateur and practitioner of the present day, is to invite

* Mr. Mascall wrote a *Treatise on Fishing* in the reign of Henry the Eighth, Anno 1524.

attention to the art, by setting it out in its most alluring colours to *both sexes*, as being no less conducive to contemplative innocence, and the study of the perfection of nature, than to exercise, and its concomitants,—health, cheerfulness, and peace of mind.

The performance of such a work can deserve no higher appellation than that of a compilation arrayed in a new, that is to say, a *poetical form*; under cover of which all the requisites of the art may be collected in an elegant and portable shape, without any mystery or technical jargon; so as to form at once *A Pocket Companion, and Guide to the Angler*, who follows the sport in solitude; and to those more social parties, where the sexes may prefer to take the diversion together.

It is to this point, particularly, (the

union of the sexes in this delightful art) that I would draw attention ;—a point which has been too much neglected by preceding authors. Females, of the highest rank, now eagerly join in the boisterous, rude, and dangerous sports of the hunter, defying hedge, ditch, gate, river, and every other obstacle, and braving all risk of broken limbs, and indelicate exposure : let not then the more gentle and more congenial pursuits of the ANGLER be deprived of the countenance and company of the loveliest half of the creation, whose presence gives a zest (as Col. Thornton happily expresses it) to all our parties of pleasure.

“ Le Donne son venute in excellenza,
“ Di ciascuna arte ove hanno posto cura.”

ARIOSTO.

Females excel in ev'ry art,
In which their judgment takes a part.

To effect so desirable a purpose, all that could be collected from the preceding and

best works, as well as the result of many years practical experience, have been thrown into the form of a *Poem*; and those technical terms and phrases, as well as instructions and directions in the art, which could not well be brought into the smoothness of rhyme, have been added in the form of Notes, Appendix, &c.

To offer a poem of this kind to the Public, has been the sole aim of the Author, Editor, or Compiler (or whatever other appellation critical judgment shall be pleased to bestow on him;) and if his work shall be allowed the further merit of being deemed worthy of a humble place in the library, he will have attained all, and even more, than he ever dared to hope for, as a pretender to poetry.

THE AUTHOR.

Trout Hall,
2d December, 1818.

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THE ANGLER'S SONG.

By the Author.

SEE! at the earliest dawn of day
The jolly Angler bend his way
To streams, where far from care and strife,
From smoky house and scolding wife,

He snares the finny race:

A southern gale propitious blows,
His rod prepared—his line he throws,
With well made fly he fishes fine,
A bite! he strikes! Now hold fast, line!

He's caught! A full grown Dace.

Chorus,

The jolly Angler's is the life,
Devoid of care, devoid of strife.

Now chang'd the tackle and the bait ;
For larger prey he lies in wait,
Tries up the stream, nor vainly tries,
The line runs off—a noble prize !

Give time to pouch—Now strike !

Now seeks his haunt the wounded prey,
And then begins the Angler's play ;
He lengthens out—now shortens line,
Till struggles past—a welcome sign !

He lands a glorious Pike.

Chorus,

The Jolly Angler's is the life,
Devoid of care, devoid of strife.

Bream, barbel, carp, tench, roach and eel,
All yield alike to his barb'd steel,
And e'en the salmon's rapid course,
Arrested by superior force,

Yields to the Angler's skill.

He tries the deep, the shoal, the stream,
Where'er of prey hope gives a gleam,
No hole escapes the Angler's search
Where lurk the nations of the perch—

His joy—the diving quill.

Chorus,

The Jolly Angler's is the life,
Devoid of care, devoid of strife.

Now stor'd his pannier, as eve draws near,
Homewards his weary course he'll steer,
Or to some well known inn resort,
T' enjoy the fruits of his day's sport,
By skilful cook-maid drest;

There takes his pipe, his jug of ale,
Sups, smokes and sips, and tells his tale,
Or sings before a blazing fire,
Till nature bids him to retire,
Then happy sinks to rest.

Chorus,

The Jolly Angler's is the life,
Devoid of care, devoid of strife.

THE
ANGLER.

THE ANGLER.

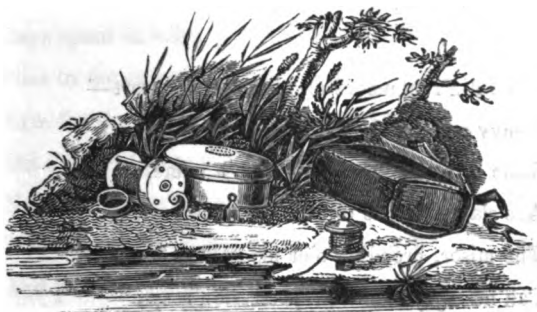


CANTO I.



**Introduction,—Eulogy on the Pastime of Angling, and its
beneficial Effects to the Body and Mind.**

B



CANTO I.



WHAT though no Muses my wrapt soul inspire,
Or bid a poet touch the sacred lyre ?
Yet shall my pen attempt a humble strain,
(Nor on so fair a theme attempt in vain)—
Be others' song of war, of love, of wine,
Nor Venus, Mars, nor Bacchus shall be mine ;

I sing of meadows, vallies, purling streams—
These, and the angler's skill, compose my
themes.

To diff'rent modes of pleasure all resort—
I envy none, so I've my favourite sport :
Some men, ambitious to obtain a name,
Are slaves for life to gain posthumous fame ;
The miser, brooding o'er his golden heap,
Can no enjoyment from possession reap ;
But always thirsting to increase his store,
In plenty pines, ridiculously poor :
The youthful statesman, by ambition fir'd,
Burns with impatience for the point desir'd ;
But ere the wish'd for prospect is in view,
He longs—he pants—another to pursue :
Prompted by avarice, and love of gain,
The merchant braves the rough tempestuous main ;
To distant regions sails with heart elate,
And brings home wealth enough to live—in state ;

But yet he has not found, by change of air,
That richest prize—an antidote to care :
The man of fashion, tir'd of town delights—
Days spent in folly, and luxurious nights,—
Flies to the country, there expects to meet
Ease for the mind, and happiness complete ;
But still past pleasures are impress'd so strong,
No rural scenes can entertain him long :
Thus discontent seems woven in our frame,
And perfect bliss is nothing but a name ;
Yet, if we strove, with diligence severe,
To keep our breasts from cank'ring envy clear,
Much of this peevish humour would subside,
If man would only keep himself employ'd.
For me the country has unnumber'd joys,
I hate the city's bustle, throng and noise.
There will I pass the ev'ning of my days,
And drink the cup of innocence and peace :
Nor e'er the want of entertainment know,
While through the vallies gliding rivers flow.

Some men delight, when winds autumnal bring,
From climes unknown, the Woodcock's vagrant wing,
To seek the stranger, where the gurgling rill,
Beneath the sylvan bank, invites his bill!
They mark his rising, and his crooked flight,
And hurl the thunder when he darts outright.
Others, a hardy and intrepid race,
Dare the bold pleasures of the boist'rous chase.
Such with the beagle rise, at dusky morn,
Mount the swift courser, at the sound of horn;
Rouse up the Hare close squatted in the bush,
Strain up the mountains, down the mountains rush,
Plunge in the rapid flood; o'erleap the mound,
And shout their conquest bleeding on the ground.
Each, as his genius prompts, or nerves can strain,
Varies his sport; I no man's joy arraign.
ME—lonely vales and winding currents please,
And arts of fishing entertain my ease.
But mine is not the glory to unfurl
The spacious net, and o'er the stream to hurl;

Nor, wading to the neck in mud obscene,
Tug the cork-buoyant mesh whole streams to clean :
The decent Angle's mine ; my pride would slay
Her thousands, but in Doctor (a) Pargon's way,
A lordly Pike, or a low Gudgeon kill,
Secundum artem, with a learned pill.
Nor fear that Virtue frown upon my play,
If through the verdant meads I fish and stray.
Virtue, severe, on no enjoyment smiles,
Which idle hours debase, or vice defiles ;
The wise to life's momentous work attend ;
And think and act still pointing to their end !
As yon clear streams one constant tenor keep,
Rolling their liquid homage to the deep.
But books or bus'ness with unceasing care,
What force of body or of mind can bear ?
The steed, unharness'd from the plough awhile,
Returns with spirit to his daily toil.

(a) A character in the *Malade Imaginaire* of Molière.

Sports (like parentheses) may part the line
Of labour, without breaking the design.
But, as in verse, parentheses (if long
And crowded) mar the beauty of the song:
So pastimes, which engross too large a space,
Disturb life's system, and its work deface...
If Wisdom give her nod, and sports may claim
A safe asylum in her awful name,
Let Wisdom rule the choice; in those engage
Which merit sanction from the COAN(b) sage;
Which rouze, not waste, the spirits, and are good
To push along the tube the loit'ring blood.
Pure air and exercise to health conduce,
If ta'en in season, else they ill produce.
Rash Anglers rue late hours, more cautious I
From night's dark wing and ev'ning vapours fly;
Warn'd by the sinking sun, and deep'ning shades,
When the brown horror woods and streams invades;

(b) Hippocrates, the father of physic.

Warn'd by the screech-owl, and frog-croaking race,
I close the rod, and homeward urge my pace.
When from the pail I see the lowing herd
Return to pasture on the sav'ry sward ;
I haste away, ere damp, blue steams arise,
And seek dry shelter from the noisome skies ;
For Winter's breath still mingles with our Spring,
And the chill eve bears ague on her wing.

Yet some may ask—what exercise to stand
Hours on one spot, and grasp an idle wand ?

To such I answer, that the Angler's art
Changes the scene and variegates his part.
Oft, with the never-resting trowl, he roves
From mead to mead, still casting as he moves,
In deeps, in shoals, the roach suspending hook,
To lure the stream's fell tyrant from his nook :
Sloth will not dare these labours, which demand
The strenuous vigour of no feeble hand.

From these, returning with a sharpen'd gust,
Rich is the feast of ev'ning's homely crust :
The soundest sleep soon seals my wearied eyes,
And, light and brisk, I from my slumber rise.
Then, turning o'er the classic page, my thought
Quick apprehends what ancient wisdom taught ;
Or fancy, flowing with recruited vein,
Pours out her pleasures in this rhyming strain.
Therefore do not despise, with cynic mood,
Our pastime, honour'd by the wise and good :
By harmless (c)NOWELL, (d)WOTTON's cheerful age,
(e) COTTON's clear wit, and WALTON's rural page ;
With rapture these beheld the peopl'd flood,
The cheoquer'd meadow, and the waving wood :—

(c) NOWELL, the good old Dean of St. Paul's in Queen Elizabeth's reign.

(d) WOTTON, the famous Sir Henry.

(e) COTTON and WALTON, authors of a work in two parts, entitled, the COMPLETE ANGLER.

Here found in solitude, emollient rest
From rugged cares, and tumults of the breast :—
Here virtues learn'd (ill taught by formal rules)
Unknown to courts—unknown to wrangling
schools,
Patience and peace, and gentleness of mind,
Contempt of wealth, and love of human kind.

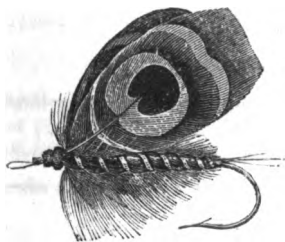
These are the Angler's benefits and joys—
Thus, undisturb'd, his leisure he employs :
Yet prudence bids, not let them interfere
With any more important worldly care ;
When bus'ness calls, be ready at your cue,
And this just maxim ever keep in view—
“ All pastimes, that engross too large a space,
“ Disturb life's system, and its works deface.”

Such humble lays may be traduced by spite—
The subject trifling deem'd—the verses light ;—

“ What, all this stuff about the Angler’s sport ?”
The critic cries, “ and not a word of court ?—
“ Of camps and soldiers brave ; the din of war,
“ And groaning captives at the victor’s car ?
“ Of such should be the vig’rous poet’s lays,
“ Who’d be adjudg’d by *Us* the laureat bays.”

In spheres, like these, let busy mortals shine,
A humbler fate, and conscience clear, be mine.
I’ll trace the meadows while young morning spreads
Her mild effulgence o’er the hills and meads ;
Where on the mountain’s sides the green woods grow,
Where lilies bloom, and dew-dipp’d roses blow ;
Where all the charms, which beauteous Nature gave,
Smile on the bosom of the azure wave.
When, in the soft ambrosial breath of morn
Health, rosy health, floats o’er the purple lawn ;
And all is melody—I’ll rove the plains
While gratitude distends the thrilling veins !

**My eyes exulting o'er the glorious scene.
Will swell with rapture on the blue serene ;
Till boundless love impels the rising soul,
To praise the Pow'r who bids the seasons roll.**



CANTO II.



Welcome to April.—Instructions to young Anglers.—Description of Fishing-Rods, Lines, Hooks, Floats, Baits, &c.—Artificial Flies, how made—Proper Seasons for Angling.—An April Day and Scenery.



CANTO II.



**HAIL, blooming month ! prolific APRIL hail !
O, come attended by the genial gale,
That breathes its influence liberally round,
And decks with verdure the new tufted ground ;
Gives recent vigour : makes the springing soil
Smile o'er the landscape, and the landscapes
smile ;**

The fresh'ning air with vernal mildness fills,
From the low vallies to the tow'ring hills :
Then come attended by the genial gale,
And let not blighting Eurus now prevail ;
Nor let the ruddy morn those winds attend,
That tender herbs, and infant blossoms rend ;
Nor let old Boreas dare resume his breeze,
To check th' expansion of the budding trees.
Let not the atmosphere betray its cold,
While Nature does her ev'ry charm unfold ;
And big with love, benevolently gay,
With April beauties crown the April day ;
While birds, soft passion'd, artless sonnets sing,
In praise and honour of the growing spring.
The soaring lark loud trills her matin song,
And warbling linnets various notes prolong :
The love-born nightingale explores the spray,
Once more she sings her sweetly plaintive lay :
The mellow thrush soft chaunts her charming strain,
And merry wood-larks tuneful make the plain :

The feather'd songsters all in concert join,
And shake the copse with music half divine ;
The groves re-echo with their spotless love,
And hide in leafage the love-odoing dove,
Who, there conceal'd, or cheers its faithful mate,
Or plaining, mourns its sad untimely fate.
The kids and fawns, and firstling lambs advance,
And course the meadows in a frisky dance.
The shepherds pipe and shepherdesses sing,
And fragrant odours drop from zephyr's wing.
The op'ning bloom the promis'd fruit displays,
Which in its purple fold securely lays ;
How smile the woodlands o'er the flushing year !
How sweet the briar's smell—how fresh appear !
In verdant liv'ry deck'd is ev'ry tree,
And all is love, and joy, and melody.
The south, distent with gently falling showers,
To life and vigour wakes the rural pow'rs ;
And lo ! at once from tubes prolific rise
Millions of Nature's gifts to greet the eyes ;

And from earth's womb the vegetables rush,
And spread the ground with deep and deeper blush.
The stream soft flows in gentle, winding, maze,
And on its banks the lusty steerlings graze ;
The pools and ponds are crown'd with various flow'rs,
Whose covert swarms of diff'rent fish embow'rs.

Now sweetly mornings smile—the skies look fair ;
Few boist'rous gusts disturb the placid air,
The finny tribes now feel the warming ray,
Rise from the deeps, and yield an easy prey.
His tackle now the Angler should prepare,
The choice of which demands his utmost care ;
To young beginners, brief, I'll state the rules
Rever'd by Anglers—doctrine of their schools.
First, with discerning eyes your (a) *Engine* view,
Of yielding hazel, or of tough bamboo ;

(a) *Engine*—a *Fishing-rod*. A long tapering rod to which the line is fastened. Of these there are several sorts : as—1st, A *Troller*, which has a ring at the end for the line

With nice proportion in their bulk and length,
 Its joints be shap'd, for beauty and for strength :
 Tough, taper, flexible, well form'd to strike
 The pigmy Minnow, or gigantic Pike :
 Springy, elastic, be it in the hand,
 To throw the line, or strike with, at command.
 Your (*b*) *Line*, or by the spinning-worm supplied,
 Or by the high-born courser's hairy pride ;

to go through, when it runs off a reel.—2d, A *Whipper*, a top-rod, that is weak in the middle and top heavy, but slender and fine.—3d, A *Dropper*, which is a strong rod, but very light.—4th, A *Snapper*, which is a strong pole, peculiarly used for pike.—5th, A *Bottom-rod*, being the same as the dropper, but more pliable.—6th, A *Sniggling*, or *Procking-stick*, a forked stick, having a short strong line, with a needle, baited with a lob worm : this is only suitable for eels in their holes.

(*b*) *Fishing-line* is either made of hair twisted, or silk ; or of the Indian grass. The best colours are the sorrel, white and grey ; the two last for clear waters, the first for muddy ones. The pale watery green is given artificially by steeping the hair in a liquor made of alum, soot, and the juice of walnut leaves, boiled together.

Of gross, or subtile texture, must obey
The might, or weakness of your destined prey :
Furnish'd with sliding *Float(c)* your line to keep
At proper depth, suspended in the deep ;
As also by its dipping to betray,
When struggling to get free, the wounded prey.

Be rich in steel, by dextrous Vulcan tam'd,
To barbed hooks(*d*) for stubborn temper fam'd ;

(*c*) *Fishing-floats*, are little appendages to the line, serving to keep the hook and bait suspended at the proper depth, and to discover when the fish have hold of them. Of these, there are many kinds; some made of quills, which are the best for slow waters; but for strong streams, sound cork, without flaws, or holes, bored through with a hot iron, into which is put a quill of suitable proportion, is preferable: the cork should be shaped to a pyramidal form, and made smooth.

(*d*) *Fishing-hook*, a small instrument made of steel-wire, of a proper form to catch and retain fish. The fishing-hook in general, ought to be long in the shank, somewhat thick in the circumference, the point even and straight; the bend should be in the shank: for setting the hook on, use strong

For if with roots of trees, or weeds entwin'd,
 They're lost—then disappointment fills the mind :
 But 'gainst all accidents, that may take place,
 Old Anglers have a store, loss to replace.

Some authors have, with cumbersome parade,
 Whole pages of inveigling baits display'd ;
 But in six words the nice temptations lie—
 Fair *Paste*(e), bright *Worms*(f), and well dissembled
Fly(g).

but small silk, laying the hair on the inside of the hook ;
 for if it be on the outside, the silk will fret and cut it asunder :
 There are several sizes of these fishing-hooks, some big,
 some little ; and of these, some have peculiar names, as—1st,
Single hooks.—2d, *Double hooks* ; which have two bend-
 ings, one contrary to the other.—3d, *Snappers*, or *Gorgers*,
 which are the hooks to whip the artificial flies upon or bait
 with the natural fly.—4th, *Springers*, or *Spring-hooks*, a
 kind of double hook, with a spring, which flies open upon
 being struck into any fish, and so keeps its mouth open.

(e) *Paste*.—1. Take the blood of a sheep, and mix it
 with honey and flour to a proper consistence.—2d. Take
 old cheese grated, a little butter sufficient to work it, and

But diff'rent baits at diff'rent times prevail,
 And what will one month take, the next will fail :
 In this the Angler should be skill'd profound,
 And judgment will with full success abound.
Fish, insects(h), also, have a tempting look,
 That oft entices victims to the hook.

Thus arm'd with implements of death beware
 Ill-omen'd seasons, and unfav'ring air ;

colour it with saffron ; in winter use rusty bacon instead of butter.—3d, Crumbs of bread chewed, or worked with honey or sugar, moistened with gum-water. 4th, Bread chewed, and worked in the hand till it becomes stiff.

(f) *Worms*.—1, The *Earth-bob*, found in sandy ground after ploughing : it is white with a red head ; and bigger than a gentle. Another is found in heathy ground, with a blue head ; keep them in an earthen vessel well covered and a sufficient quantity of the mould they harbour in : they are excellent from April to November.—2d, *Gentles*, to be had from bullock's liver ; let them lie in wheat bran a few days before used.—3d, *Flay-worms*, found in the roots of flags ; they are of a pale yellow colour, longer and thinner than a gentle, and must be scoured like them.—*Cow-dung*.

When **SIRIUS** drinks; and the defrauded mill
Mourns empty springs, and all its wheels stand still;

Bob, or Clap-bait, found under cow-dung, from May to Michaelmas: it is like a gentle, but larger; keep it in its native soil like the earth-bob.—5th, *Cadix-worm or Cod-bait*, found under loose stones in shallow rivers; they are yellow, bigger than a gentle, with a black or blue head, and are in season from April to July: keep them in flannel bags.—6th, *Lob-worm*, found in gardens: it is very large, and has a red-head, a streak down the back, and a broad tail.—7th, *Marsh-worms*, found in marshy ground: keep them in moss ten days before you use them; their colour is a blueish red; they are a good bait from March to Michaelmas.—8th, *Brandling Red-worms, or Blood-worms*, found in rotten dung-hills or tanner's bark; they are small red worms, very good for all small fish, have sometimes a yellow tail, and are called *Tag-tails*.

(g) *Flies* are either *natural* or *artificial*.

1. *Natural flies* are innumerable; but the most usual for fishing purposes are:—1st, *Stone-fly*, found under hollow stones at the sides of rivers, is of a brown colour, with yellow streaks on the back and belly, has large wings, and is in season from April to July.—2d, *Green-drake*, found among stones by river sides, has a yellow body, ribbed with green, is long and slender, with wings like a butterfly; his tail turns on his back, and from May to Midsummer.

When ether blazes, and the wat'ry scene
Presents the picture of the blue serene ;

is very useful.—3d, *Oak-fly*, found in the body of an old oak or ash, with its head downwards, is of a brown colour, and excellent from May to September.—4th, *Palmer-fly*, or *worm*, found on leaves of plants, is commonly called a caterpillar, and when it comes to a fly is excellent for trout.—5th, *Ant-fly*, found in ant-hills from June to September.—6th, The *May-fly* is to be found playing by the river-side especially after rain.—7th, The *Black-fly* is to be found upon every hawthorn bush after the buds are fallen off.

2. The *Artificial flies* are seldom used but in blustering weather, when the waters are so troubled by the winds, that the natural fly cannot be seen, nor rest upon them. Of artificial flies there are reckoned no less than twelve sorts, of which the following are the principal:—1st, For March, the *Dun-fly*, made of dun-wool, and the feathers of the partridge's wing, or the body made of black wool, and the feathers of a black drake.—2d, For April, the *Stone-fly*: the body made of black wool, dyed yellow under the wings and tail.—3d, For the beginning of May, the *Ruddy-fly*, made of red wool, and bound about with black silk, with the feathers of a black eapon hanging dangling on his sides next the tail.—4th, For June, the *Greenish-fly*: the body made of black wool, with a yellow list on either side, the wings taken off the wings of a buzzard, bound with black, broken hemp.—5th, The

Or when fierce rains discoloured currents swell,
 At home the fate of vent'rous fools foretell:
 For then close-shelt'ring weeds, or creeks obscure,
 Fearful or faint, the finny tribes allure;
 But show'ry clouds, and southern gales excite
 To gamesome mood, and edge their appetite.

Moorish fly: the body made of dusky wool; and the wings of the blackish mail of a drake.—6th, The *Tawny-fly*, good till the middle of June: the body made of tawny wool, the wings made contrary one against the other, of the whitish mail of a white drake.—7th, For July, the *Wasp-fly*: the body made of black wool, cast about with yellow silk, and the wings of drake's feathers.—8th, The *Steel-fly*, good in the middle of July: the body made with greenish wool, cast about with the feathers of a peacock's tail, and the wings made of those of the buzzard.—9th, For August, the *Drake*, the body made with black wool cast about with black silk; his wings of the mail of a black drake, with a black head.

(h) Fishes and Insects.—1st, Minnow.—2d, Gudgeon.—3d, Roach.—4th, Dace.—5th, Smelt.—6th, Yellow Frogs.—7th, Snail Slit.—8th, Grasshopper.

Just as the peasant, when his timid eyes
Suspect each sign of weather he espies,
The seed, or sickle, from his field detains,
And, simply, of his desert barns complains ;
So superstitious Anglers watch the wind,
Now Boreas chills; now Eurus breathes unkind.
Blow Boreas, Eurus, but nor loud nor cold,
Angler go forth, with high assurance bold :
Believe a tepid season, and partake
Large booty from the river, pond or lake.

Yet trust not, Angler, to an April morn,
That oft entices,—often leaves forlorn ;
The sun, relinquishing his eastern bed,
In clouds successively involves his head ;
The face of Heav'n is variously inclin'd,
The true resemblance of a female mind !
Here darted beams with full refulgence glow,
There faintly streak the party-colour'd bow ;

Soft showers fall, and gentle zephyrs play,
The field alternately, now sad, now gay :—
In numerous vicissitudes appears,
Now seems to smile—is now bedew'd with tears.
Beneath their wat'ry weight now droop the
 sprays,
Now suns on suns in verdant mirrors blaze ;
Where by reflection equally we trace
The lively blossom's imitated grace ;
In mingled order Heaven and Nature rear
The promis'd blessings of the fruitful year :
And thus by amicable strife constrain
The bud to swell, and prompt the lazy grain.

Hail, happy shades ! and hail, thou cheerful plain !
Where peace and pleasure unmolested reign ;
Where dewy buds their blushing bosoms show,
And the cool rivers murmur as they flow :
See yellow crow's-foot deck the gaudy hills,
While the faint primrose loves the purling rills ;

Sagacious bees their labours now renew,
Hum round their blossoms, and extract their dew ;
In their new liv'ries the green woods appear,
And smiling Nature decks the infant year ;
See yon proud elm, that shines in borrow'd charms,
While the curl'd woodbines deck her aged arms.
When the streak'd east receives a lighter ray,
And larks prepare to meet the early day ;
Through the glad bowers the shrill anthems run,
While the groves glitter to the rising sun :
Then PHILLIS hastens to her fav'rite cow,
Her shining tresses wanton on her brow ;
While to her cheek enliv'ning colours fly,
And health and pleasure sparkle in her eye.
Unspoil'd by riches, nor with knowledge vain,
Contented CYMON whistles o'er the plain ;
His flock dismisses from their nightly fold,
Observes their health, and sees their number told.
Pleas'd with its being, see the nimble fawn
Sports in the grove, or wantons o'er the lawn ;

While the pleas'd coursers frolic out the day,
And the dull ox affects unwieldy play.
Hark! the shrill linnet charms the distant plain,
And Philomel replies in softer strain;
See those bright lilies shine with milky hue,
And those fair cowslips drop with balmy dew!
Such scenes as these delight the Angler's eyes,
As through the meads towards the stream he hies;
And whether fish will kindly bite or not,
Pleasure and health are from th' excursion got.

Where the dull river rolls its lazy stream,
And deep'ning shades seclude the noon-day beam,
Sequester'd from the world, I fish and think—
A conscience clear from self will never shrink.

Imagination now expands her wing,
To nobler heights the teeming fancy soars:
Unchain'd, unfetter'd, at th' approach of spring,
She once again her latent themes explores.

Here as along the river's bank I rove,
I sing the sweets, or fly the pangs of love ;
Hail the pure stream, in whose transparent wave,
In Summer's heats I've us'd my limbs to lave ;
No torrents foul obscure its limpid source—
No stubborn rocks impede its dimpling course ;
That softly rolls and warbles o'er its bed,
With variegated, polish'd, pebbles spread ;
While lightly pois'd, the glitt'ring, scaly brood
In myriads frisk, and cleave its crystal flood ;
The springing Trout in all its speckled pride,—
The darting Salmon, monarch of the tide,—
The ruthless tyrant Pike, intent on war,
The silver Eel, and curious mottled Par ;(i)
And as I look to Nature's Lord I sing,
Who forms such beauties, and who forms the spring ;—
Who wakes the earth with gentle fost'ring show'rs,
And strews her lap with beauteous, blooming flow'rs :

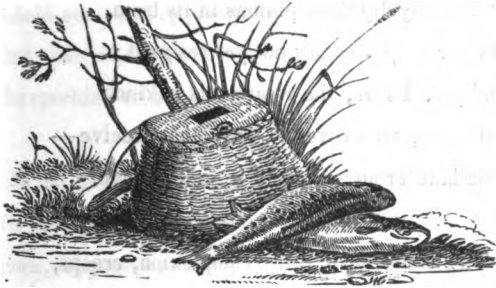
(i) The *Par* is a small fish, not unlike the Smelt, which it rivals in delicacy and flavor.

Around I see his all-creative Hand,
Extending through the water—through the land.
Hail, Power Supreme! Great Cause of Causes hail!
Whose vital power cheers the vernal gale.
From scenes below my Muse ascending moves,
And higher strains and loftier lays approves;—
With zeal impell'd, would plume her feeble wing—
But how can mortal muse due honours bring?



CANTO III.

**Angling for Trout.—Fickleness of the Seasons in Britain.—
Season for Trout Fishing.—Rules for the Art of Artificial
Fly Fishing.—A living Loach good Bait for Trout.—Rules
for Bream, Cheven, Barbel and Tench Fishing.—Boyish
Sports.— Learning to Swim and Angle.—Groping for
Trout. — How performed. — Nature's Kindness and
Bounty.—Approach of Night.**



CANTO III.

THE seasons, surely, in these northern climes,
Laugh at their image drawn by ancient rhymes ;
For Spring oft shivers in the British isle,
But warms, in British song, with Baiæ's smile.
E'en now the hawthorn, on the birth of May,
Withholds her blossom, nor believes the day.
And much I doubt if the yet chilling breeze,
Crisping the lake, its spotted nation please ;

Thin, o'er the wave, the quiv'ring insects skim,
And faintly dip their pinions in its brim.
Winter its power has not yet resign'd ;
And yet, I fear, the weather is unkind—
But there, an answer to that doubt receive—
A gallant Trout!—behold it, and believe.

The Trout, of delicate complexion, creeps,
Sickly, deform'd, and squalid in the deeps ;
Lean and unwholesome, while descending snows
Thicken the floods, and scourging Boreas blows :
But when the vernal energy prevails
O'er Winter's gelid breath—when western gales
Curl the pure shallows, and his strength restore,
His scales he brightens on the pebbly shore ;
His colours rise, and, in the rapid maze,
Gay as the Spring, the lively wanton plays.

Ye, Naiads, listen to the Fisher's strain,
While thus I hymn the glories of your reign ;

Nor let me, wand'ring on the mossy shore,
Behold your wat'ry pleasures, and deplore
That, partial, you to other hooks resign
The speckled triumphs you refuse to mine!

What ails this mimic fly? It springs no game—
'Tis not in season—there must lie the blame;
Quick, change it, and diversify the while,
Though one bait fail, another may beguile.
It takes! and, lo, a captive! bid your Wye, (a)
Latkin, or Dove, (b) with this vermilion vie.

(a) Wye is a small stream in Derbyshire.

(b) Latkin, or Dove.—The former is also a small stream in Derbyshire, of special note for the transparency of its water, and plenty of Grayling. The Dove divides the two counties of Stafford and Derby, and runs into the Trent, two miles below Buxton. It is also famous for the clearness of its stream, and the excellence of its Trout and Grayling.

Those, who, like WALTON fam'd, can wheel the line,
Or glory, COTTON, in a hand like thine,
To lightly on the dimpling eddy fling
The hypocritic fly's unruffled wing,
Will find enamell'd spoil their conquest grace,
While Hampshire meads with wary foot they trace.
Peace on the dead ! Some living hands I know,
No shame to Anglers, not unskill'd to throw ;
Who in their grindles fish with much delight,—
Whom love of Trout, and bacon-chine excite.

Where'er you ply, your labour will be vain,
If you the rules(c) of art do not attain :

(c) The best *Rules for Artificial Fly-fishing* are—1. To fish in a river somewhat disturbed with rain ; or in a cloudy day, when the waters are moved by a gentle breeze : the south wind is best ; and if the wind blow high, yet not so but that you may conveniently guard your tackle, the fish will rise in plain deeps ; but if there be little wind, the best

What fish your stream affords, the weather's state,
The water, muddy, clear ; the proper bait ;
The wind and other things you must consult,
All needful to a fortunate result.
For diff'rent waters diff'rent species yield,
The Angler's art commands the widest field:

angling is in swift streams.—2. Keep as far from the water-side as may be ; fish down the stream with the sun at your back, and touch not the water with your line.—3. Ever angle in clear rivers, with a small fly and slender wings ; but in muddy places use a larger.—4. When, after rain, the water becomes brownish, use an orange fly ; in a clear day, a light coloured fly ; a dark fly for dark waters, &c.—5. Let the line be twice as long as the rod, unless the river be encumbered with trees.—6. For every sort of fly, have several of the same, different in colour, to suit with the different complexions of several waters and weathers.—7. Have a nimble eye, an active hand, to strike presently with the rising of the fish, or else he will be apt to throw out the hook.—8. Let the fly fall first into the water, and not the line, which will scare the fish.—9. In slow rivers, or still places, cast the fly across the river, and let it sink a little in the water, and draw it gently back with the current.

Descend the lime-stone precipice, and rove
Along the banks of silver-footed Dove;
Her head-long current, amid Alpine hills,
Wash'd by the chrystal of unnumber'd rills,
Clear as the spotless mirror feasts our eyes
With pendant mountains, and the hanging skies.
In the clean bosom of the glassy wave
TROUT(*d*) of the richest stains their beauties lave;
While the swift GRAYLING, (*e*) back'd with azure
green,
Glides, like a shadow, through the lucid green.

(*d*) The Trout varies its colours in different waters and seasons. They differ also in size, some having been known to weigh four pounds, but the usual size is half a pound. They are most voracious fish, and afford plenty of sport to the Angler. The passion for the sport of Angling is so great in the neighbourhood of London, that the liberty of fishing in some of the streams in the adjacent counties is purchased at the rate of ten pounds a year.

(*e*) The Grayling seldom grows beyond eighteen inches. It is in high esteem, rarely found but in the Derbyshire streams, and in Devonshire; and is in its perfection in the middle of winter.

But if with heads and heels less sure than mine,
Ye wish with less fatigue to fish and dine,
The LEA (f) presents a universal stream,
Boasts no inglorious Trout, but scorns the BREAM ;(g)

(f) The *Lea* rises in Bedfordshire, takes its course by Hertford, Ware, Waltham, and Bow, parting Middlesex from Essex, and falls into the Thames at Blackwall.

(g) The *Bream*.—Procure about a quart of large red worms ; put them into fresh moss well washed and dried, every three or four days, feeding them with fat mould and chopped fennel, and they will be thoroughly scoured in about three weeks.

Let your lines be silk and hair, but all silk is best ; let the floats be either swan-quills or goose-quills. Let your plumb be a piece of lead in the shape of a pear, with a small ring at the point of it : fasten it to the line, and the line hook to the lead ; about ten or twelve inches space between lead and hook will be enough ; and take care the lead be heavy enough to sink the float. Having baited the hook well with a strong worm, the worm will draw the hook up and down in the bottom, which will provoke the Bream to bite the more eagerly. Find the exact depth of the water, if possible, that the float may swim on its surface directly over the lead ; then provide the following ground bait. Take about a peck of sweet gross-ground malt ; and

Huge CHEVEN(*h*) here, and sturdy BARBEL(*i*) feel
Th' unconquer'd temper of my bearded steel.

having boiled it a very little, strain it hard through a bag, and throw the malt into the water by handfuls squeezed hard together, that the stream may not separate it before it reaches the bottom; and throw it in at least a yard above the place where you intend the hook shall lie, or the stream will carry it down too far. Do this about nine o'clock at night, keeping some of the malt in the bag, and go to the place about three the next morning; but approach warily, lest you be seen by the fish, for it is certain that they have sentinels watching on the top of the waters, while the rest are feeding below. Cast your hook in so that it may sink in the midst of the ground bait; let your rod rest on the bank, with some stones to keep it down; and then withdraw so as to have your eye upon the float; when you see it carried away do not be too hasty to run in, but give time to the fish to tire himself and then touch him gently. When the float sinks, creep to the water-side, and give it as much line as you can. If it is a Bream or Carp, he will run to the other side; strike him gently, and hold your rod at a bend a little while; but do not pull, or you will spoil all; you must tire them before they can be landed, for they are very shy. If there be any Carp in the river, it is likely you will take them; but if there are any Pike or Perch, they will be sure to visit the ground-bait, though they will not touch it,

The **TENCH**(*k*) are strangers; and the **GRAYLING**'s kind;
All else rich pasture in these waters find.

being drawn thither by the great resort of small fish; and, until you remove them, it is vain to think of taking **Carp** or **Bream**. In this case, bait one of your hooks with a small **Bleak**, **Roach**, or **Gudgeon**, about two feet deep from your float, with a little red worm at the point of your hook, and if a **Pike** be there, he will be sure to snap at it. This sport is good till nine o'clock in the morning; and, in a gloomy day, till night; but do not frequent the place too much, lest the fish grow shy.

(*k*) **Cheven**.—In angling for **Cheven**, **Roach**, or **Dace**, move not your natural fly swiftly, when you see the fish make at it; but rather let it glide freely towards him with the stream: but if it be in a still and slow water, draw the fly slowly sidewise by him, which will make him eagerly pursue it.

(*i*) **Barbel**, though a coarse fish, gives considerable exercise to the Angler's ingenuity. They swim together in great shoals, and are at their worst in April, when they spawn, but come soon in season. The places they resort are such as are weedy and gravelly, where it roots with its nose like a swine. In summer, he frequents the strongest and swiftest currents of water, and settles among piles, moss, weeds, &c. where he remains immoveable; but in winter he retires to deep places. He is a very curious, and cunning fish; for if his baits be not fresh, clean, well-

Oft, in my youthful days, those days of joy!
When e'er a holiday rejoic'd each boy,

scoured, and kept in sweet moss, he will not bite; but if they are, he will bite eagerly. The best bait is the spawn of a Salmon, Trout, or any other fish; and, if you would have good sport, bait the place with it a night or two before, or with large worms cut in pieces; and the earlier in the morning, or later in the evening you fish, the better. Your rod and line must be both long and strong, with a running plummet on the line; and let a little bit of lead be placed a foot or more above the hook, to keep the bait from falling on it; so the worm will be at the bottom, where they always bite; and when the fish takes the bait, your plummet will lie and not choke him. By the bending of your rod, you may know when he bites, as also with your hand, you will feel a strong snatch; then strike, and you will rarely fail if you play him well; but if you manage him not dexterously, he will break your line. The best time for the sport is about nine in the morning; and the best season is the latter end of May, June, July, and the beginning of August.

(k) The *Tench* is coarse like the Barbel; but with the addition of rich sauces reckoned delicious in this country. It seldom exceeds four or five pounds weight, though known to reach ten or even twenty. They love still waters, and are rarely found in rivers: they are foolish and easily caught.

With heart, devoid of ev'ry earthly care,
Through DEVON's vales, I'd to the EXE (1) repair :
There first I, fearful, tried the treach'rous wave,
In summer's heat content my limbs to lave ;
In mirthful mood dash'd o'er each playful mate
The show'r which he return'd ; whilst both elate
With hope of victory, the contest held,
Till one, thro' loss of breath, gave up the field.
By use grown bold, and by example more,
I deeper wade, then plunge toward the shore ;
I splash, and struggle hard, and float and sink,
Half suffocated ere I reach the brink.
This oft repeated, and more buoyant grown,
Proud as a monarch seated on his throne,
I sail around, triumphant, and as vain
As conqu'ror of a new subdu'd domain.

(1) The Exe, a river of Devonshire, rising in Exmoor, running nearly north and south, and falling into the sea at Exmouth, a most delightful watering-place.

Ne'er will my heart forget the honest pride,
Which fill'd it, when I thus the deep could ride.

Thus man advent'rous on the stream of life,
Timid at first—afraid of jars and strife,
Kicks—struggles—plunges—still more daring grows,
And reaps experience e'en from fortune's blows ;
Till rising gradually 'bove frowns of fate,
He sails life's course towards a future state.

In this fine stream, my yet unpractis'd hand
First learn'd to wield the rod, and, at command,
To throw the line, well arm'd with treach'rous fly,
And deal destruction to the finny fry.
Nor standing deeps, nor (m) STICKLE's rapid wave,
Could from my art the wary victim save ;

(m) STICKLES.—So in Devonshire they term the rapid course of the water on a shallow bed of pebbles, or broken ground, in a descent of the river.

Sometimes the speckled Trout, the Grayling fair,
I led in triumph with my well wove hair :
Till, wearied out, and turning on its side,
It yielded, and was dragged from native tide.

Nor this alone the mode the Trout to gain,
As woman ticklish, and as woman vain !
Oft, in the deeps, beneath the roots it feeds,
In currents too, it lurks beneath the weeds ;
'Midst piles and stakes, in fancied safety lies,
Or faint with heat, or satiate with flies :
Here GROPING, (n) if you feel him with your hand,
Tickling he loves, just like the female band ;

(n) The mode of GROPING for Trout, is curious, and is performed as follows: You feel, in deeps, under the roots of trees, or the piles and stakes of weirs and banks ; in currents, under the weeds. If you feel him, tickle him gently with the tips of the fingers of the right hand till you bring it just behind the gills. The fish appears to stiffen, and floats like a log. Then apply your left hand towards the tail, tickling in like manner, till you grasp the fish firmly with both hands, and all his struggles to get free

'Till, firmly grasp'd (his struggles all in vain!)
You bear or fling him, gasping to the plain.
The DACE,(o) unworthy of the Angler's pains,
We oft intoxicate with pois'nous grains;
It flies the deep, and on the surface wheels,
Till the approaching hand of death it feels.
" Heav'n from all creatures hides the book of fate,
" All but the page prescrib'd, their present state :
" From brutes what men, from men what spirits know :
" Or who could suffer being here below ?
" The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
" Had he thy reason, would he skip and play?

will be in vain. You then bring him to land ; or, if you be near enough, fling him on shore.

(o) The mode of intoxicating *Dace* is as follows : pound Juniper berries and *coculus Indicus* : knead them up with paste, and over night throw the composition into any places they frequent, and which may be baited also with brewer's grains. Early in the morning, the fish will be seen swimming in circles on the surface, where they may be easily taken by the hand. Other fish either will not take the composition, or are not affected by it ; so that there is no danger of destroying *them*.

“ Pleas’d to the last, he crops the flow’ry food,
“ And licks the hand just rais’d to shed his blood.
“ O blindness to the future ! kindly giv’n,
“ That each may fill the circle mark’d by Heav’n.”

How bounteous is the charter of our meat !
Which loud proclaims—“ Rise, mortal, kill and
eat,

“ Of ev’ry wing, the savage and the tame.
“ Of every beast of salutary name ;
“ Of ev’ry finny tribe, in fresh or brine,
“ Which health will licence—mortal, all is thine.”

The Pow’r who form’d the palate with degrees
Of quick discernment, each degree to please,
In varying food a varying gust has plac’d,
The PIKE’s dry flesh, and GRAYLING’s flav’rous taste,
For tho’ he yields no fame ; too easy prey
He turns his side of gold bespangled grey ;
Game for young talents unabash’d he’ll dare,
Baulk’d e’er so oft, the disappointing snare ;

Simple and bold, like blockheads of the pen,
Who write, are hiss'd, and stare, and write again.
In the cold month, whose holy feast presides
O'er Time's great æras, and his annals guides,
With you, ye northern Anglers, let me ply
LATKIN, pellucid brook, or BUXTON'S WYE :
With yours my false wing's witch'ry shall excite
The GRAYLING's hunger in his season's height :
For then a deeper sable veils his head,
A deeper sable o'er his back is spread :
His sound, firm, flesh before the knife will flake,
And rival honors with the Trout partake.

Too long I run on in this idle style,
Up and alert, diversify the while ;
Suspend a living LOACH,(p) now ground the wand,
Trust it to fish, at distance take your stand :

(p) The Loach is a small fish, with the eyes in the upper part of the head. There are five species; three of which

Perish that Moor-hen ! her unlucky flight
Turn'd a large Trout just springing to the bite.
Ne'er mind,—the plot succeeds—at length I've won
As fine a Trout as glitter'd in the sun.
Thus ever-varying sport attends our toils,
And conquest spreads the face with pleasant smiles,
'Till down the steep of Heav'n the wheels of Day
To western waves precipitate the ray.

The glorious setting sun displays a scene,
Not glaring, but delightfully serene ;
The moon begins to give its lambent light—
The vacillating stars their twinkling bright.
The soul, in contemplation, pleasure finds,
From that which strikes with horror guilty minds ;
From yon old tree, by ivy clasp'd, a drear
And dismal note assails the list'ning ear!

are found in Europe. They keep at the bottom and under the stones ; and on that account are called in some places, the groundlings. They are easily caught, even by hand.

The owl prepares to take its gloomy flight,
Rejoicing that the day gives place to night :
But as these screams unpleasant die away,
How sweetly Philomela tunes her lay !
Her plaintive notes re-echo through the grove—
She calls her mate, and chaunts her tale of love.
How different from the boding bird's shrill throat,
The varying warbler tunes her melting note !
In these umbrageous scenes the pensive Muse
Soars 'bove the world to more than mortal views.
Longer I'd roam, but dew's now rise apace—
See ! o'er the lawn my footsteps leave a trace.

How weak man's reason — his resolves how
weak !

He gives advice, which he's the first to break ;
Reader, I caution'd thee t' avoid the dew—
Shun thou the pattern, but th' advice pursue.
Before the sun, declining to make way
For night's approach, has ting'd the western ray,

And skirted round each vapour's edge with gold,
The beasts, thro' instinct, seek the shelt'ring fold:
Nor scorn th' example—seek the snug fire-side,
The cheerful meal, the ale's enliv'ning tide,
In both let moderation be your guide:
Then raise your thoughts to Heaven, ere you rest—
To all earth's joys RELIGION adds a zest.



CANTO IV.



SALMON FISHING.



Time, middle of May.—Spring Scenery.—Love ; a warning against illicit.—Fly-fishing for Salmon-peal.—Angling for Salmon with the Ledger-bait.—Directions for the practical Angler.—Every part of England abounding in Rivers fit for Angler's Sports.—Descriptions of some of the most famous.—Know when you have enough, and be grateful to the Giver of all Things.



CANTO IV.



SALMON FISHING.(a)



**HAIL, welcome SPRING ! much lov'd, auspicious guest !
Whose blooming presence fires my grateful breast.**

(a) The Salmon is also too well known to need a particular description. One has been known to weigh upwards of seventy pounds weight. They leave the fresh waters and retire into the sea at the approach of winter, and return

Ambrosial dews and soft descending show'rs,
Refresh the earth, and rouse the new-born flow'rs ;
The grazing herds through verdant pastures range,
Delighted at the renovating change ;
Inspir'd by influence of Nature's reign,
They range the wood, or wanton o'er the plain :

again about the beginning of April ; but some rivers, contrary to all others, as the Usk and Wye, in Monmouthshire, and the Exe in Devonshire, have them in season all the six winter months.

The best are found in the Thames, Tamar and Exe, but they are in no great abundance, as they prefer the cold northern rivers : they are, therefore, larger and much more numerous in the Tweed and Tyne. Their haunts are the clearest waters, nearest the spring-heads in summer, the deepest parts of a rapid stream, in the middle, and near the ground ; on pebble, chalk, or gravelly bottoms.

Salmon-peal are found in the rivers of Devon, Dorset and Yorkshire. They do not exceed sixteen inches. These last chuse deep holes near the brooks, or under the root of a tree. Salmon do not get fat till they have been some time in the rivers, and the nearer the spring-head the better. The best season to commence angling is about the middle of May.

The bleating sheep on sunny hillocks lie,
Or seek the brakes t' escape the teasing fly.
Herds low their passion ; flocks bleat out their loves,
Contentment reigns throughout the fields and groves.
A blooming verdure richly clothes each spray,
And birds with songs salute each new-born day ;
The thrush, the linnet, and lark mounting high,
In emulation with each other vie :
At intervals the cuckoo joins the song,
Although the stranger's visit be not long.
Th' industrious bee, to liberty restor'd,
Extracts the juice which liquid blooms afford ;
Amalgamates the whole,—a compound sweet !
Then flies, impatient, to its straw-retreat.
Each morning gives the blushing roses birth,
And crowns with beauties the new-teeming earth ;
On rudest spots most beauteous flowers grow,
And e'en on hedges most luxuriant blow ;
To taste each sweet, or to enjoy the sun,
From flow'r to flow'r yon butterfly see run ;

By nature so bedeck'd in ev'ry part,
Blush, human artist, blush, nor boast your art!
The hills with pride unfold their leafy tops,
And wanton zephyrs fan the fragrant crops.
Now swains of love the language soft employ,
And rustic nymphs affect not to be coy ;
The glowing lip yields no reluctant kiss,
But kind indulgence crowns the lover's bliss.
For this soft season does each passion move,
And, inward working, tunes the heart to love.
The am'rous pair through lawns and woodlands stray,
To gather flow'rs, and taste the sweets of May ;
Link'd arm in arm, enamour'd stroll along,
While birds in unison, chaunt their love-song.
The ardent youth, his ready love to show,
Searches each bank where purple violets grow ;
And robs gay FLORA of her blooming store,
To add new sweets to what was sweet before.
Thus bless'd like EDEN's happy pair, they rove,
And think the world was made for them and love.

But of this dang'rous season, oh ! beware,
Ye female sex, more weak as ye 're more fair ;
Disdain th' insidious tale that would betray
To lawless love, and leave to grief a prey :
And curst be he, who would advantage take
Of your credulity, and then forsake !
But blest, for ever blest, the happy pair,
Who, 'till their hands are join'd, their loves for-
bear !

Now to OUR sport ! No country upon earth
To rivers more for Anglers' sports give birth ;
The THAMES with royal TIBER may compare
For palaces and mansions, stately—fair ;
For picturesqueness SEVERN's shore is prais'd ;
By SHAKSPEARE's birth is AVON's fame uprais'd ;
TRENT's crystal stream for fish is far renown'd,
And TAMAR with o'er-hanging woods embrown'd ;
Chester, old Chester, vaunts her holy DEE,
The Peak her DOVE, translucid as the sea ;

York many wonders of her OUSE can tell,
Essex will say her LEA does all excel;
Our northern counties boast the TWEED's fair flood,
And TYNE for Salmon fam'd in swarms, and good;
Devon her TAMAR, OTTER, EXE may boast,
Which breed of various fish a countless host;
Bristol her SEVERN, second scarce to none,
And Kent her MEDWAY with great pride may own;
So that where'er the Angler's fate be cast,
He need but fish to feast, and never fast.
Except on Essex, Sussex, Suffolk coasts,
There's scarcely one, but what of Salmon boasts.

Now, with the sun's invigorating rays,
The Salmons, renovate, desert the seas;
And, oh! of Providence the wondrous ways!
Flock to those streams which *nurs'd*(*b*) them first to life,
As if with gratitude their hearts were rife.

(*b*) This most curious circumstance has been *partially*,
if not generally ascertained, by tying a ribbon, tape, or

Emaciate they leave the boundless main,
And seek their native shores new strength to gain ;
Prompted by instinct—substitute of Heav'n
For *reason*, which to MAN alone is giv'n.

Almighty Power ! all-productive mind !
On all thy works thus stamp'd THYSELF we find ;
How different all—how differently endued,
Not one alike, and yet alike all good ;
How perfect THOU, who, by one act divine,
Conceiv'd and executed the design ;
Nor does the earth alone thy gifts enjoy ;
Confin'd to none, the whole thy care employ ;
The countless nations, in the deep below,
Thy pow'r, wisdom, and thy goodness show :

thread on the tails of young salmon which have been taken in weirs or mill-tails as they were migrating towards the sea, throwing them back into the river, and retaking part of them again with the *known mark*, on their return from the sea, which is usually about six months after.

To all thou open'st thine exhaustless store,
Till all are satisfied, and need no more.

The Salmon's praises to my verse belong—
King of the streams, and glory of our song;
He claims the rivers, and he claims the seas,
'Those for his summer joys—his winter these.
Now, in the storm, he stems the mountain-waves,
And now the thund'ring cataract he braves,
Tivy or Wear ; when remeant from the deep,
Renew'd in vigour, he essays to leap ;
Then, springing with a bound, surmounts the
height,
Dashes the foam, and glories in the feat ;
Or, if he fail at first, the leap renews,
'Till full success crowns his aspiring views.
Strong Salmon tribes! Ye know my stronger
hand—
Ye know subjection to the hair's command :

Whether in **LONE**(*c*) your merry wakes ye hold,
Or **DEVA**,(*d*) haunt of wizard druids old.
O, waft me back, kind Fortune, to the side
Of the swift **TEES**(*e*)—ungovernable tide!
And **TWEED**,(*f*) begot on Caledonian hills,
Whose far-fam'd waves the Salmon nation fills.

(*c*) The **LONE** or **LUNE** issues out of Lune Forest in Westmoreland, runs by Lancaster, and falls into the sea about a mile below Middleton.

(*d*) **DEVA** or **DEE** is a Cheshire river, though rising in Wales. By its course it parts Cheshire from Flintshire. It falls into the Irish Sea below West Chester. Milton, in his *Lycidas*, called this river Deva's wizard stream, on account of its neighbourhood to the Isle of Anglesea, the principal seat of the Druids.

(*e*) **TEES** is the northern boundary of Yorkshire. It rises in Teesdale Forest, near the confines of Durham, Cumberland, and Westmoreland. It is so rapid a stream, that no other fish but salmon can live in it.

(*f*) The **TWEED** rises in Tweeddale, in Scotland, parts Scotland from Northumberland, and falls into the sea at Tweedmouth near Berwick.

Or beckon, Naiads, to the southern vales,
Where his long liquid train the SEVERN(*g*) trails;
And where the might of more majestic Thames,
O'er finny nations, of unnumbered names,
Rolls his broad wave, and boasts, within his
 bound,
High flavour'd Salmon through the world re-
 nown'd.

Propitious wind ! It blows (*h*) against the stream—
I hope for sport : may hope not prove a dream !

(*g*) The Severn is the second river in England. It rises near Plinlimmon-hill in Montgomeryshire, runs fifty miles in ~~that~~ county, and receives above thirty rivers into its channel from the mountains of Wales, before it enters into Shropshire. It falls into the Severn Sea, or Bristol Channel, along with the Avon.

(*h*) The Salmon bites from the middle of April to the end of August, about nine in the morning and three in the afternoon, in a sunshiny day, that is rough and windy, especially if it blows against the stream.

In yon deep current may a Salmon lurk—

TACKLE (i) hold strong, and **FLY** (k) do well thy
work!

(i) The **TACKLE** should be at least five times as stout as that for a Trout.

(k) **FLY**.—The Salmon will not often bite at a fly, nor at a minnow, but likes a worm, and in general takes all that a Trout does. He loves a large bait, especially a large lob-worm, or two, exceedingly well scoured in moss, sixteen, twenty days, or longer, and rubbed over with oil of spike, or ivy berries, assafoetida, or turpentine, just before using. Of flies the natural ones succeed best, two or three on a hook. The artificial ones must be large and of the most flaring, gaudy colours; the bodies made with gold and silver threads, and with four, or better with six wings, standing one before the other, and both these and the tails must be long. A raw cockle or muscle taken out of the shell, or a prawn are recommended. The way to angle with these last is to drop your line with no shot on it, in a shallow, by the edge of any deep hole, and let the stream carry it in. They are very nice and whimsical in changing their baits. For **SALMON-PEAL** the best bait is a well scoured brandling bred in tanner's bark; but they will rise at any Trout fly.

A Salmon may my supper-table grace—
Yonder a huge one leaps—mark well the place.
My fly-rod will not reach—what need I care?
E'en let it rest—a (l) LEDGER-BAIT prepare.
Now trust it to the deep—the rod resume—
Success from one or t'other I'll presume.
Ha! well done, fly! a leap! a Salmon-peal!
Strike smart! he's hook'd! now gently with him deal,
Give him more length of line—ply well the reel;
Now wind it in—he struggles still I feel—
Alternately thus play him, till he tire,
Nor fear your hook, if 'tis well arm'd with wire :

(l) LEDGER-BAIT.—If a Salmon leap out of the water, be sure there is a deep hole. If you cannot reach it with your fly-rod, use the LEDGER as near as you can to the hole, and a large cork float. Bait with a live minnow, loach, gudgeon, or dace at midwater ; and some prefer that depth, or a little lower, with a worm ; though it is common to fish that way close to the ground, either with a float or running-line. You may also trowl for him. Your hook must be large, and armed with wire, or whipped on to two hog's bristles.

Again I feel him, and his strength near spent,
To gentle force he yields constrain'd consent;
And now resistance vain, he nears the shore—
Now quits that element he'll skim no more :
Full fourteen inches is his measur'd size,
For any Epicure a dainty prize.

More luck! the cork, indicative, betrays
Some bulky fish the ledger-bait does seize ;
Now timely strike—was ever such a cast ?
A feast for twenty if I hold him fast :
Salmon or Pike, but hold fast hook and line,
To-morrow he shall a few choice friends dine :
But from the fable let me, wisdom taught,
Not sell the skin before the bear is caught.
A monster 'tis, and if he do his best,
My art and tackle will be put to test.
Now giving play—now using gentle force,
I sometimes follow his, and he my course ;

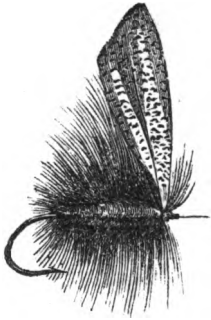
At times stand still ;—or he or I make play,
Uncertain whether his or mine the day ;
But, each succeeding trial, glad I find
His spirit tam'd ; or else his strength declin'd.
Two hours thus are pass'd in deep suspense,
He keeps the pool, nor may I draw him thence.
As he grows weak, more daring gets my hand,
Cautious, though bold, I pull towards the land ;
Elate with hope I see his scaly side,
A full grown Salmon, and the river's pride.
But, ah ! he bursts away, and hope's delay'd ;—
Again my utmost skill must be display'd.

* * * *

* * * *

Repeated trials foil'd, he yields at length,
And in the landing-net spends his last strength ;
Beauteous his spots, as now on land he lies,
Which growing fainter, vanish as he dies.

And now, of sport sufficient for the day,
For use, not waste, Man is allow'd to slay;
Nor will I, like the miser, wish for more,
Having already a superfluous store :
But tir'd of luck, and wearied out with toil,
Trudge toward home deep-laden with my spoil;
And heart no less with gratitude replete,
To HIM, who gave the charter—"KILL AND EAT."



CANTO V.

ANGLING FOR PEARCH.

Time, First of June.—Rural Employments and Scenery.—
Rustic Happiness.—Rules for angling for Pearch.—North
Wind unfavourable to it.—Cruelty of Laws relating to
Fisheries.—South Wind favourable.—Sporting Anecdote.
—Moral Reflections and Precepts drawn from Angling.—
Approach of Night.—*Ignis Fatuus*.



CANTO V.



ANGLING FOR PEARCH.



WHAT pleasure now to wander through the mead,
O'er dewy, fragrant-scented fields to tread ;
In the calm coolness while the morning spreads
Her mild effulgence through the trembling shades :
When in the soft ambrosial breath of dawn,
The goddess HEALTH floats o'er th' empurpled lawn.

Aurora, blushing, opes the gate of day,
Before her, lo! the misty clouds give way ;
With dazzling splendor Phœbus' beams arise,
And rays diffusive gild the eastern skies.
To hail the morn a thousand warblers wake,—
As nature dictates joy, their concerts make ;
The woods, the groves, with harmony rebound,
And swell the tuneful choruses around.
The earthy-tenant lark now leaves her nest—
Flits through the air—expands her dewy breast ;
And soaring upwards thrills melodious lays
To Heav'n ; and cheerful sings her Maker's praise.
The ruddy milk-maid early tends her charge—
Sings as she goes ;—the cattle graze at large,
Freed from the close, and careless driv'n along
By Hodge, who chaunts aloud his love-sick song.
Defying danger, 'midst the leafy grove,
To seek the new built nests the youngsters rove ;
Rushing through briars, and th' obstructing thorn,
And string the eggs their cottage to adorn.

The aged matrons with an eager care,
Tott'ring with baskets, to the fields repair :
Leaving their elbow-chairs, and chimney seats,
To cull the health-dispensing simple's sweets.
Now bloom the gardens in their rich array !
Darting through air unnumber'd insects play ;
Re-animated by the sun-beam's force,
They skim the wave, or upwards dart their course.

But, lo ! before my eyes what prospects sail !
The variegated beauties of the vale !
Slow through the mist, and gilt by the sun's beams,
The various lesser currents mix their streams ;
And, confluent, to a copious river swell,
Rolling majestic through the fatten'd dell,
Rejoicing in the plenty it bestows,
And which its banks luxuriantly disclose :
Fields, with thick interwoven herbage crown'd,
Regale the herds, that crop and frisk and bound.

The glowing stallion snuffs the air and snorts,
Inviting distant mare to join his sports;
Here roving wild, unconscious of the rein,
He revels boundless o'er the wide champain;
Imbibes the silver stream, with heat opprest,
To cool the fervour of his panting breast.
Whilst the love-madden'd bull, with bellowing strains,
Pursues some fav'rite cow to ease his pains:
Impell'd by Nature's power, all comply
With the command—"INCREASE AND MULTIPLY."

Those peasants, whom in yonder vale I see,
Who cut a craggy rock, or lop a tree;
Who turn the course of streams; who with a spade
The entrails of the fertile earth invade,
Nor care nor discontent do ever know—
Far happier theirs than any state below!
Strength, health, sound sleep, the mind's serene repose
To poverty and toil the lab'rer owes.

Happy the man o'er whom content presides—
Who follows nature wheresoe'er she guides;
Who limits all his wishes to his means,
And what he has enjoys, and ne'er complains!
What though, when hous'd the team and penn'd the
fold,

Homeward he hastens, shiv'ring, wet and cold?
Yet oh! what joy, all other joys excelling,
He feels when he beholds his humble dwelling!
When he beholds the wood-fire's cheerful rays
Bright'ning each happy face on which it plays!
When round him flock his dame and urchin
race,

And his heart glows within at their embrace!
Far, far more happy he than any king!
He tastes life's pleasures, never feels its sting.

What means it that our toil's so ill re-
paid?

Nor will the sun befriend us, nor the shade;

The open waters, and the covert yield

No game ; where sleep the sluggard PEARCH (a)
conceal'd.

(a) The PEARCH affords good sport for the Angler. The best time for their biting is when the spring is over, and before the heats of summer come on. At this time they are very greedy, and the Angler, with good management, may take at one standing all that are in the hole. The proper baits are, a minnow, or young frog ; but the worm called the brandling, well scoured, is excellent at all times of the year. When the Pearch bites, he should always have a long time allowed him to swallow the bait. The Pearch will bite all day long, if the weather be cloudy ; but the best time is from eight to ten in the morning, and from three to six in the afternoon. He is very abstemious in winter, and will seldom bite in this season of the year : if he does at all, it is in the middle of the day ; at which time, indeed, all fish bite best at that season. If the bait be a minnow, which affords most diversion to the Angler, it must be fastened to the hook alive, by putting the hook through the upper lip or back fin ; it must be kept at about mid-water, and the float must be a quill and a cork, that the minnow alone may not be able to sink it. The line must be of silk and strong ; and the hook armed with a small and fine wire, that if a Pike should seize the bait, as is not unfrequently the case,

That pool was fruitful, and this willows' shore
Ne'er fail'd its promise to my line before.
Perchance, in council met, the PEARCH debate
On high affairs—what weather fits the state :
Some oracle of med'cine gives his voice—
“ PEARCH, the north blows, warm shelter be your
choice ;

he may be taken. The way to carry the minnows or small gudgeons alive for bait is this : a tin pot is to be provided, with holes in the lid, and filled with water ; and the fish being put in this, the water is to be changed once in a quarter of an hour by the holes, without taking off the lid at any time, except when the bait is to be taken out.—A small casting-net, made for these little fish, should be taken out with the Pearch tackle ; and one or two casts of this will take baits enough for the day without any further trouble. When the bait is a frog, the hook is to be fastened to the upper part of the leg. The best place for fishing is in the turn of the water near some gravelly scour. A place of this kind being pitched upon, it should be baited over night with lob-worms chopped to pieces ; and in the morning the depth is to be regularly plumbed, and the hook being baited, as it drags along, the Pearch will soon seize it.

“ Though summer treads upon the spring beware,
“ Your fasts be frequent, and your diet spare.”

Let winners laugh, but, in my humble thought,
The river is absolv'd, our art in fault.
His fav'rite point whoever means to hit,
Must fain occasion to his wishes fit.
When the sly miller to increase his toll,
Mows the stiff weeds, o'er which the choak'd streams roll,
The green sedge, by the current borne away,
Thick and more thick, within a winding bay
Rests arbour'd; and beneath the covert warm,
The prickly fins disport—a num'rous swarm;
With tackle strong, there perforate away,
And satiate your rejoicing house with prey.

This season pleases not, nor likes mine eye.
The surly owner of the stream so nigh.
On yonder hill his haughty mansion see,
And here the sordid thatch of poverty;

Where liv'd—contented liv'd—a simple swain,
Who trimm'd the hedge-row, and who turn'd the
plain.

Sometimes, by hunger prompted, he would creep
Down to the waters in the hour of sleep;
The booty by laborious watching gain'd,
His needy household for a day sustain'd.
Stern HARPEX heard, the trembling wretch he
seiz'd,

Touch'd with no pity, by no suit appeas'd.
The pregnant wife her hands distracted wrung,
Six weeping babes around the father clung—
In vain:—the felon(*b*) to the camp was doom'd,
And nakedness and want his race consum'd.

(*b*) Would that this were a tale of fiction, or a solitary case!—Abstract of the act, for the more effectual preservation of fish in fish-ponds, &c.—It is enacted, “that from and after the 1st day of June, 1765, any person or persons indicted within six months, of stealing, taking, killing or destroying any fish out of any river, stream, pond, pool,

Such monsters will be judg'd by righteous Heav'n—
“ *Much is requir'd from him, to whom much giv'n.*”

Ha ! the wind veers to south ! auspicious sign !
Now watch the danoing cork, and jerking line.—
Down, down it dives ; heroic was the bite,
He struggles strong—he flounces now in sight ;
On **TERRA FIRMA** now he bangs his tail,
Welcome thou dusky coat of yellow mail,
And mountain back, arm'd with a bristly spine !
Twelve inches scarce thy measur'd length define.

What's that?—a spawnling worth no better style—
O, had you seen in Ely's meery isle,

moat, stew, or any other water, by any ways, means or device whatsoever, without the consent of the owner or owners thereof, or shall be aiding or assisting therein, or knowingly receiving or buying such fish, shall be transported for seven years.” By this act, no person can angle, or even receive, or buy the fish without incurring the penalty of it.

His bulky brother, which a Cyclops strook
With hempen cable and rough hammer'd hook !
Long tugg'd the brawny blacksmith at the game,
At last incumber'd with huge load it came,
Half buried in a PIKE's(c) enormous maw,
Its finny spears fast wedg'd into his jaw ;
Almost EIGHT(d) pounds, if Justice self had hung
Her balance forth, that giant Peach had swung.

Again, and yet again! the soften'd gale
Bids my glad cork on happy voyage sail.
Now fleecy clouds, and gently warming beams,
Alternate, overshadow and gild the streams.

(c) It is a common notion, that the Pike will not attack this fish, on account of the spiny fins which the Peach erects on its approach ; but it is well known, that there is no better bait for Pike than a Peach.

(d) This story will not seem so very surprising, when it is considered that Mr. Pennant mentions a Peach to have weighed nine pounds ; but this he allows to be very uncommon.

Rest there, my pipe ; tobacco charms no more,
My net grows pond'rous with its scaly store.
Pearch, like the Tartar clans, in troops remove,
And urg'd by famine, or by pleasure, rove ;
But if one pris'ner, as in war, you seize,
You'll prosper, master of the camp with ease :
For, like the wicked, unalarm'd they view
Their fellows perish, and their path pursue.
Fish have their various characters, defin'd
Not more by form or colour, than by mind ;
The wary Trout but few temptations hit,
The Pearch an idiot, and the Carp a wit.

But now the sun shines forth ! On marsh-born
wing,
The swarming gnats malignant buz and sting ;
Faint are all reptile baits, to gain the end—
I'll try if Minnows better luck attend.
Rapine's vile meals the wide-mouth'd Pearch sustain,
And blood of infant fish his jaws distain :

Justice decrees th' assassin shall atone
For blood he spills, by forfeit of his own :
Die then, ye murd'rers ! by your crime ensnar'd,
When by these hands the deadly bait prepar'd :
Where that brown alder shades the wat'ry way,
A dappled Minnow on my hook shall play.
Ha ! what a baulk ! The Minnows are forgot !
And disappointment's ever mortal's lot.
But stay ! its MIMIC(e) in deluding dress
(Art's manufacture) with as sure success,
Thro' yon deep verging whirlpool frisk'd along,
Shall to their bane invite the witless throng.

We cheat the finny fools, ourselves as blind,
Fools, in our turn, are cheated by our kind !
Th' empyric cheats us with his pills and lies,
The fawner cheats us in a friend's disguise ;

(e) Artificial fish as well as flies, for baits, are prepared and sold in most fishing-tackle shops.

The statesman with a patriot's tongue, the saint
Oft cheats us with a villain's face in paint :
To heighten the odd farce, ourselves we cheat,
And our own passions form the fair deceit.
From all we see we may experience reap,
E'en solitary Anglers from the deep ;
And thus I prove it :—lend a patient ear,
And for instruction, gentle caution hear ;
Nor let thy breast be fill'd with scornful pride ;
If more experienc'd age thy footsteps guide :

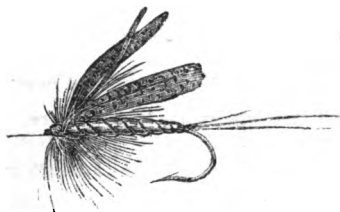
Believe a father, and believe a friend,
On giddy youth a thousand snares attend ;
A thousand secret dangers 'scape his eyes,
Oft, who shuns Scylla, on Charybdis dies.
Avoid excesses—in the golden mean
Health shall secure, and keep thy mind serene ;
With studious care preserve the middle way,
Or devious error leads thy feet astray ;

Too often vice beneath the specious guise
Of sacred virtue unsuspected lies ;
And sleeping embers nurse a hidden fire,
That by degrees will into flames aspire.
But seldom pay thy homage at the shrine
Of Bacchus, ivy-circled god of wine ;
Flee sensual pleasures ; they unman the soul,
And poison lurks within Circean bowl :
Whene'er gay wanton youths thy threshold tread,
Their arts and soft insinuations dread ;
Tremble to follow, even in their rear,
Bar ev'ry door, and stop the list'ning ear :
Too easy candour, and a modest fear,
The source of ruin in the end appear.
Do thou, undaunted, meet the tempting foe,
Brave ev'ry danger, and with courage glow ;
Nor let the gilded bait of empty joy,
Or dang'rous friends, thy steady mind annoy :
These may seduce thy soul from virtue's road—
The road that leads to happiness and God !

Let useful studies and ingenious art
Polish thy morals, and enrich thy heart ;
And thy companions (a selected few)
Be fond of letters, as they're fond of you.
Or, if thy courage will not bear thee out,
Fly from the foe thou canst not hope to rout ;
Haste to retirement, solitude dread not,
The world forgetting, by the world forgot ;
Enough employment thou'lt be sure to find,
Both for the health of body and of mind ;
Thus shall ye, like the wary fish, beware,
Whilst heedless ones rush headlong to the snare.

Enough of precept—now my pannier's stor'd,
I'll hie me homewards to my humble board ;
For, lo ! my monitor—the gadding light
Swift gliding on the marsh at edge of night ;—
From fen to fen, from field to field it roves,
The pilgrim straggles where the meteor moves ;

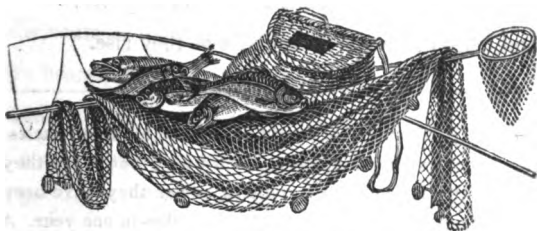
Some village lamp he deems th' illusive fire,
And stumbles in the glebe, or wades through mire.
I've still two tedious miles to labour o'er,
Ere watchful Susan ope the welcome door.



CANTO VI.

ANGLING FOR CARP.

Time, Day-break in the beginning of July.—Rural Occupations.—Carp, how to be kept.—And Hints for stocking Ponds with the Roes dried and preserved.—Music, its Charms to dispel Care and lighten Toil.—Poets extinct in the present Age.—The Mode and Season of Angling for Carp.—Their Subtilty.—Their Fate, that which Rogues of every Description richly deserve.—Man's Invention overcomes all Obstacles.—Whale-hunting in the North.—On the proper Employment of TIME and Preparation for ETERNITY.



CANTO VI.

ANGLING FOR CARP.(a)

Now Summer deeper dyes the various scene,
And man delights to wander thro' the green,

(a) The **CARP** is the most valuable of all kinds of fish for stocking ponds. It is quick in growth, and spawns three times a year, so that its increase is great. The female does not breed till eight or nine years of age; so that in breeding ponds a supply must be kept of that age. In

F

(Where sweet content sits smiling in disguise)

And trace out Nature's beauties as they rise.

stocking ponds one male should be allowed to three females. They grow two or three inches in a year; but when they receive the fattening of a common sewer they have been known to grow from five to eighteen inches in one year. A pond of one acre in extent will feed three hundred Carp of three years, and four hundred of one-year, old. They delight in ponds that have marly sides; clay-ponds sheltered from winds, and bearing weeds and long grass about the edges, on which they feed in the hot months. Carp and Tench thrive very fast in ponds and rivers near the sea, where the water is a little brackish: but they are not so well tasted as the fresh water ones. Grains, blood, chickens' entrails, and the like, thrown into the ponds will help to fatten them, and the growth of grass under water should be by all means encouraged. For this purpose, as the water decreases in summer, the sides of the pond left naked and dry, should be well raked with an iron rake to destroy weeds, and cut up the surface of the earth, and hay-seed should be plentifully sown. By these means there will be a fine and large crop of young grass along the sides of the pond to the water's edge, and when the rains fill up the pond again, this will be all buried under the water, and make a feeding place for the fish, where they will resort early in the morning, and thrive greatly.

With languid heat the sun pursues his race,
His coursers hasting through the circled space;
He beams, prolific, here on all below,
And meets stern LEO with his sultry brow;
To seek the nectar of the flow'ry lawns,
The peopled hives send out their busy swarms;

It has been known, in regard to the *polypus*, that it has appeared again in places which have lain dry for some time. Whence, it may be conjectured with great probability, that the spawn of fishes are preserved in the same manner at the bottom of ponds dried up, which they re-people when the ponds are filled again with water. This has been observed with surprize in a pond laid dry, and found stocked again with the same fish, none being able to discover whence they came. Some fancied that Storks having carried off in their bills some of these fishes, had let them fall by chance into the pond. It may rather be attributed to the spawn that had been preserved sound in the bed of the pond. It would be a curious experiment to dry the roes of different species of fish, and scatter them in a pond at a proper season. By this very simple method it might be ascertained, if they could serve for perpetuating their species. Nature has not been subjected to an extreme exactness; there is, in her way of operating, a latitude which the naturalist ought to study and trace by experience to the fountain-head.

The sweets of ev'ry blossom to explore—
Sagacious instinct! providential store!
From field to field th' industrious legions rove,
To range the plain, the garden, and the grove,
All are employ'd throughout the num'rous train,
Till tinkling noises call them back again:
The fruitful herbage now invites the scythe—
In eager contest strive the swains all blythe,
Who works the fastest, or who cuts most deep,—
The waving sward yields to the mower's sweep.
Rous'd by the early herald of the day,
Quickly array'd, refresh'd by sleep and gay,
The lads and lasses all prepare for work,
Some take refreshment, some the rake or fork.
In artless talk they gain the distant fields,
Where the ripe verdure of the meadows yields
A plenteous crop in even rows laid down—
Off goes the jacket—off the homespun gown:
Each one following in a single file,
Some turn the herbage, some the hay-cooks pile;



'Till faint beneath the shade a timely rest,
And healthy meal, renew for work the zest ;
Nor mem'ry e'er can touch a livelier strain,
Than that which rustics carrol o'er the plain.
Music the soul with harmony inspires,
The heart of man with true ambition fires ;
Refines the passions as the concords flow,
And makes the lover's heart more fervent glow ;
Charms grief, and all the cares of fate defies,
And brightens up the tear-bedew'd, dull eyes ;
Makes toil a sport, and renovates old age,
Unwilling yet of life to quit the stage.
On smarting want it pours a healing balm—
Blunts mis'ry's sting, and suff'ring renders calm.

But morning dawns, prevent the chiding day,
Shake off the drowsy fit, and haste away ;
The toil of yesterday was somewhat strong,
Sleep's pow'rful spell has bound my eyes too
long.

Shame on the sluggard drone, who sleeps supine,
When dazzling sun-beams thro' his curtains shine !
The stars are fainting in th' ethereal plain,
And the pale moon begins to doubt her reign ;
Night hurries to her western goal, while dawn
Opes her grey eye-lids on the wood and lawn :
Hark ! the sweet poets of the fields upraise,
In choral song, the mighty Maker's praise,
Upbraiding man, among the reas'ning throng,
A subject that too rarely tunes the tongue.
Who sings morality in these iron times,
Sings to the winds—few ears delight such rhymes ;
But fame and wealth reward the glorious toil,
Scrawl but a novel, or write notes on HOYLE.(b)
The heav'nly fire once warm'd a Milton's tongue,
And of Heav'n's wonders rapt'rously he sung ;

(b) HOYLE, the author of a most elaborate treatise on the game of whist. It is said that he sold the copy-right for six or seven hundred pounds !

It also fir'd the soul of Addison,
In Pope it sparkled, and in Dryden shone ;
In Watts and Young, it play'd with cheerful blaze,
Extinct, alas ! in our Bæotian days ;
Except a spark beneath the ashes rest,
In soul of Bloomfield, or in Byron's breast ;
And flatt'ry vile, and glazing verse and bust,
Will ne'er pretend t' immortalize their dust.

Now hunger keen and shade of morning cool
Fill with sparkling Carp the marly pool,
As to the sportful stream your steps decline,
Articulate your rod, apply your line ;
There watchful, and (c) every effort try
To cheat the subtle CARP'S(d) suspicious eye.

(c) No patience, no pastime.—A gentleman, who was allowed to be one of the greatest and most philosophic anglers of the age, passing from Islington to London, as was his daily custom, frequently saw a brother sportsman planted on a particular spot of the New River. Being jealous to

The milky gentle, or vermilion'd paste,
Or the pea's glossy green with liq'rish taste,

think he should engross the spot, he prepared his rod and line, and the rest of his angling apparatus, repaired to the spot, and remained uninterrupted for a considerable time, but without success. At length the original occupier of this envied spot appeared: when the gentleman exclaimed, "Egad, sir, I know not how you manage it, but I have been angling here these three hours, and have caught nothing." "Oh, sir," replied the other; "what's that compared with me? Why, I have been angling here these three *years*, and never caught a fish yet!"

(d) CARP.—A person who angles for Carp, must arm himself with abundance of patience, because of their extraordinary subtilty and shyness. They always choose to lie in the deepest places, either of ponds or rivers, where there is but a small running stream. They will seldom bite in cold weather, and you cannot be too early or too late at the sport in hot weather: yet, if he bite, you need not fear his hold; for he is one of those leather-mouthed fish that have their teeth in their throat. Neither must you forget, in angling for him, to have a strong rod and line; and since he is so very wary, it will be proper to entice him by baiting the ground with a coarse paste. He seldom refuses the red worm in March, the caddis in June, nor the grasshopper in July, April and September. He not only delights in

His coyness may o'ercome. Delightful wile,
The cunning fish, deep-lurking, to beguile.

worms, but also in sweet paste, of which there is a great variety: the best is made of honey and sugar, mixed up with flower, some veal minced fine, and a little cotton or white wool, to make it adhere to the hook. It ought to be thrown into the water some hours before you begin to angle; neither will small pellets, thrown into the water two or three days before, be worse for this purpose, especially if chickens' entrails, garbage or blood, mixed with bran and cow-dung, be also thrown in. If you fish with gentles, anoint them with honey, and put them on your hook, with a deep scarlet dipped in the line, which is a good way to deceive the fish. Honey and crumbs of wheat-bread, mixed together, make also a very good paste, with or without blood, or other red colouring matter. In taking a Carp, either in a pond or river, if the Angler intends to add profit to his pleasure, he should take a peck of ale-grains, and a good quantity of blood to mix with the grains, baiting the ground with it where he intends to angle. This food will wonderfully attract the scale fish, as Carp, Tench, Roach, Dace and Bream; let him go out in a morning, plumbing his ground, and angling for Carp with a strong line. The bait may be either the gentle, a green pea, paste, or the knotted red-worm, and he will be sure to find sport enough.

But, from my soul, the artful wretch I hate,
Whose smiles are snares, whose friendship is a bait;—
Who hides rank malice in a look serene,
And cool and sudden vents his hidden spleen.

I hate the fox that ever skulks and steals
And crams his craving cubs with pilfer'd meals :
Him, too, that burrows in his neighbour's ground,
And half consumes it, ere the fraud is found,
On those vile slaves be Heav'n's dire thunder hurl'd,
Who, chain'd themselves, would gladly chain the world !

Nor boots it now to fish so near the place,
Devastated by this voracious race ;
Up stream let's trace our steps a mile or two,
And there again our pleasing game pursue ;
Nor need you entertain a doubt of sport,
Otters to well-stock'd streams do e'er resort.

At that old tree, the river makes a bend,
The over-hanging bank may suit our end ;

There (e) dib away—a grass-hopper the bait,
Will yield the Angler soon some kind of treat :
And see! already I have hook'd a prize,
And, by his play, one of a portly size :
The landing net shall make our game secure,
A Chub! poor relish for an Epioure.
Let's quit this place—expect no better sport,
For the Trout hovers not, where (f) Chubs resort.
For less inglorious prey yon stream let's ply,
The Trout or Grayling there may take the fly.
Keep well at top, and play both fine and strong,
If fish there be, he'll rise ere it be long ;
Draw, as the wind permits, up stream or down,
Try ev'ry art, if you your hopes would crown.
A bite! now strike with fine, but ready hand,
Humour him well—now draw towards the land !

(e) DIB.—To angle with a live fly, grasshopper, &c.

(f) *Where Chubs resort.* Where you find many Minnows or Chubs, expect few or no Trouts : for the Chubs will drive them out and keep possession.

He turns his spotted sides—a glorious prize!
As fine a Trout as ever feasted eyes.

A good beginning; let us try once more,
This stream bids fair t' increase our supper store.
See there! another Trout! now guide the fly,
So that it glide just o'er, and catch his eye;
Exert your utmost skill to imitate
The airy manners of the living bait;
Keep close behind this bush! how dead he lies—
Play well the fly, or else he'll never rise;
Look sharply out—he springs—strike smart and
fine—
He's hook'd—he struggles hard—give out more
line;—
Run him down stream, you'll soon the conquest gain—
The landing-net—he gasps upon the plain.

Now let us change the scene—for sameness tires;
Variety the soul anew inspires.

Courage! my float wheels off — Ill-natur'd
weed!

There from my hook a gallant fish was freed.
Not so this Tench escapes—a dainty prize,
WELLAND's (g) fam'd stream ne'er fed a bulkier
size.

Again I seek the Carp; but lo! the light
Colours the mountain top, avoid his sight;
Lest your betraying shade before you run,
Turn, like the PERSIAN, (h) to the rising sun.

(g) The WELLAND is a river of Northamptonshire. It rises near Honthorp, runs by Harborough, Stamford, Spalding, parts that county from Leicester and Rutlandshires, and falls into the Wash at Wickham. It is famed for breeding Tench of a very large size.

(h) The Persians worshipped the sun, and at its rising prostrated themselves towards the east. It is not recommended to imitate their idolatry, but only that we should turn towards the sun in angling for Carp; the consequence of which position will be, that the shadow of your body will fall behind you, and not on the surface of the river to frighten that suspicious inhabitant of the deep.

Ha ! Fortune smiles : he's hooked—a daring bite !
Keep now a bended rod, and hold him tight ;
He wheels amain ; he plunges to the mud,
He floats—my net transports him from the flood.
Full siz'd, fair, plump, all goodly to behold,
His scales bright glist'ning with bedropping gold !
Thus man's imperious race exerts his reign,
Over all life, which wat'ry worlds sustain ;
Invention the defect of force supplies,
And art subdues whate'er his nerves defies.
In winter's realm, beneath the polar bear,
In frozen seas and blood congealing air,
'Midst rocks of ragged ice, horrific heap !
Which float and glitter o'er the boundless deep ;
Th' undaunted whaler cuts his desp'rate way,
In ardent quest of his enormous prey.
The watchful harpooneer, in act to throw
Death's barbed terror, eyes the wide stretch'd foe,
Full on the monster's bulk he hurls from far
His three-prong'd jav'lin with unerring war.

The furious fish, in anguish of his wound,
Blows through his double spout, with roaring
 sound,
High streaming rivers, loud as tempests roar,
Or angry waves that lash the craggy shore.
Headlong he plunges, through the foam and blood—
Wheels the vast vortex of the closing flood:
Now like a mounting isle, which earthquake rears,
From Neptune's dark abode, his bulk appears.
His foes, more fierce, assault his ev'ry part,
With lances gor'd, faint beats his ebbing heart;
The breath to kindred air disdainful flies,
A buoyant mass, the monstrous carcase lies;
Insulting mariners his vast back tread,
Cleaving his sides, or straggling in his head;
Of flaking bone his mouth's deep cavern spoil,
And freight the vessel with his wealth of oil.

By arts like these, shall Britain's glory grow,
With busy life her crowded havens glow;

Her villages shall smile, her towns 'rejoice,
And not a sigh untune the public voice ;
Her poor shall sing,—sloth's execrable band
Of thefts and murders fly this happy land ;
And round her coasts, round ocean's utmost shore,
The thunder of her sov'reign fleet shall roar.
The arts in peace employ each Briton's soul,
And urge him with brave Ross(i) to seek the Pole.

Now to our bus'ness let us once more bend,
Truce to all cares—our pleasing work attend ;
I see the angle dip—he strains the line—
A CARP !(k) the laurel of the day is mine.

(i) The commander of the expedition lately sailed to explore a passage at the Northern Pole, the utility of which, if practicable, is, however, doubted by many scientific characters.

(k) How to dress a Carp. Rub him clean with water and salt, but do not scale him ; open him, and put him with the blood and liver into a small kettle ; then take sweet marjoram, thyme, and parsley, of each a handful : a sprig of

Content I quit, for now the July beam
Mounts to its fervid noon and boils the stream ;
Enough to pastime ; the remaining hours
Demand the vigour of our nobler pow'rs.
Retir'd awhile, I con the studious page
Of wisdom, cull'd from men of every age!
But chief the scriptures, from whose sacred store
I drink abundance, and yet thirst for more,
Think and reflect, how in our destin'd span,
One inch will bound the active life of man.
Deduct the blank of sleep, the void between
Our birth and youth's preparatory scene ;

rosemary, and another of savory, bind them in bundles and put them to the Carp, with four or five whole onions, twenty pickled oysters, and three anchovies. Then pour upon your fish as much claret as will cover him, seasoned with salt, cloves, mace, and the rinds of oranges and lemons ; cover your pot, and set it on a quick fire, until it be sufficiently boiled, then take out the Carp, and lay it with the liquor into the dish, and pour on it a quarter of a pound of melted butter, beaten with half a dozen spoonfuls of the broth, the yolks of two or three eggs, and some of the herbs shred. Garnish with lemons.

What sickness wastes from manhood take away,
And the new childhood of our last decay,—
What is the pittance left? That pittance prize,
And crowd it full with bus'ness good and wise :
Peruse the sacred writ, and from it know,
What blessings from a well-spent life will flow :
Let virtue teach thee steadily to steer
Thy course through life, so that thou seldom err ;
Teach thee t' elude the fascinating wiles,
Of Syren vice, who, with delusive smiles,
The poor, unthinking voyager beguiles ;
And if thy vessel should serenely glide
Adown of smooth prosperity the tide,—
If gentle gales ambrosial odours bring,
And pleasure's giddy throng around thee sing,
Let not thy heart (with present bliss elate)
Forget her precepts, till it be too late.
If dire adversity should thee assail
With woes unnumber'd in a furious gale,
And a whole deluge of disasters pour,
And all thy hopes and flatt'ring schemes devour ;

If sun-shine friends, to whom thou 'st prov'd so kind,
Desert, like rats, the walls they've undermin'd ;
Virtue will give thee fortitude of soul
To stem the current, and its rage controul ;
Should from its place the world be torn away,
The *virtuous* (*l*) man feels not the least dismay :
And, though this globe to atoms should be hurl'd,
He trusts ANOTHER, and a BETTER WORLD !

(*l*) *Justum et tenacem propositi virum,
Non civium ardor prava jubentium :
Non vultus instantis tyranni,
Mente quatit solida
Si fractus illabatur orbis,
Impavidum feriant ruinæ.*



CANTO VII.

MIXED ANGLING.

Time, August.—Rural Scenery.—A Storm succeeded by a Calm.—Description of Ulting's Vale.—Anecdote of Mr. Cunningham, the Poet, on the Propriety of allowing the Labouring Classes innocent Amusements after Divine Service on the Sabbath-day.—The Enemies of the finny Tribes numerous.—The Otter peculiarly destructive.—An Otter Hunt.—Death of the Tyrant of the Flood.—The truly hospitable Cottager.



CANTO VII.



MIXED ANGLING.



Now past each gentle zephyr, summer gale,
The raging heats of SIRIUS prevail:
No more the air refreshing breezes yields,
Whose balmy breathings scent the mantled fields:
Fair FLORA now to CERES leaves the plain,
Diffusing plenty o'er her wide domain;

She opens her stores, and strews them through the mead,
And golden harvests all the surface spread.
The fruitful grain delights the farmer's eyes,
From dale to hill, till bounded by the skies ;
The peaceful smiling prospect, but behold—
A ripen'd crop—a scene of waving gold !
Full in the zenith Phœbus beams, so bright,
The cooling shade the swelt'ring swain's delight ;
His silent flocks around him grazing cool,
Or gasping, panting, seek the stream, or pool.
Now silence reigns throughout the leafy grove,
Broke only, as the airy insects rove
Through noon-day's sultry heat with humming noise,—
The rest of nature deep repose enjoys
Not long—advancing from the western sky,
By Eurus driv'n, see gloomy tempests fly ;
Dark clouds arise to hide the smiling scenes,
And rolling thunder from afar begins.
The sun's obscured ! the storm now louder grown,
The thunder burst, the lightning flashes down ;

A deluge falls of prone descending rain,
And threats destruction to the rip'ning grain.
All's lost, but Heav'n in mercy interferes—
The tempest's rage subsides—th' horizon clears;
Again the sun darts out his glorious beams,
And the parch'd earth absorbs refreshing streams.

This lonesome dale,(a) these shaggy hills which lean
O'er CHELMER'S (b) solemn stream with shadowing
screen,

Charm like an opiate's dream, and thought infuse
Of fairy haunts and visions of the muse.
Here oft I wander o'er th' historic page,
And view the changing scenes of ev'ry age;

(a) The vale of Ulting, near the church-yard, by the side of the river Chelmer.

(b) The Chelmer is an Essex river, rising above Thackstead in that county, and running by Chelmsford into Blackwater at Malden.

Or, grave inclin'd, the latent paths explore
Of deep philosophy's extensive shore ;
Or down reclining in the sylvan bow'r,
With tuneful bards enjoy the blissful hour :
Shakspeare, who speaks the language of the soul,
And Milton soaring far beyond earth's pole ;
Descriptive Thomson, and satiric Young ;
Pope, Swift, and Gay, and all the sons of song.
To these imbow'ring shades, thus free from care,
I oft for salutary ease repair ;
Of books grown weary, with the Angler's cane
I fill my leisure—trifle not in vain :
Hard study gen'rates atramental bile,
And thoughts misshapen as the brood of Nile.
These August fervors, which inflame the sky,
Conspire to drain the nervous fluid dry :
Rest must perform the cure ;—to rest be join'd
Some gentle action to amuse the mind.
What's this ? A Pearch ! a med'cine for the stone,
The pebble in this fish's head full grown :

This flook too, were he not so very lean,
Is just as good a nostrum for the spleen ;
An Eel ! Thy fat is sanative for blows,—
Its drops will soon th' obstructed ear unclose ;
And see a Carp ! A supper for the night,—
Specific rare for dimness of the sight !
At least so ancient sages have set down,
Once of great fame, but now of small renown.

Although obscure this river steals its way
By those mean walls where ULTING'S(c) rustics pray ;
Not long obscure, by MALDEN'S(d) ancient town,
He glows in bloody story with renown.

(c) A small village and church, a little way from Malden, westward. The church-yard is washed by the Chelmer, which runs close by.

(d) MALDEN was the ancient Camalodonum, and the first Roman colony planted in Britain, in the days of the Emperor Claudius. Queen Boadicea utterly destroyed that colony. She reigned over the Iceni, who were the people of Norfolk, Suffolk, Cambridgeshire, and part of Huntingdonshire.

'Twas there, uplifting from his oozy bed,
The rushy honours of his sea-green head,
He saw the British heroine, in her ear,
Cleave, like a thunderbolt, th' opposing war :
He saw the rout, when slaughter drench'd his fields
With Roman gore, and heap'd with Roman
shields.

Our step be light, on charnel ground we tread ;
Here labour rests, here sleep the peaceful dead ;—
Sleep under nameless turf, or rugged stone,
That coarsely tells the owner of the bone ;
The lying marble and the flatt'ring bust,
Are honours sacred to the rich man's dust.
May no vile flatt'rer, or with verse or bust,
Striving to eulogize, belie my dust ;
No partial friend strew praises o'er my name,
Where little was to praise, but much to blame ;
No marble tomb e'er rear its stately head,
As in contempt of the more lowly dead :

But mix'd with poor the grateful tribute pay,
Of dust and ashes, with my native clay!
'Till, summon'd by the trump of God away,
I mount to live in everlasting day :
So may I sojourn humbly in his sight,
That then my day may not be turn'd to night!

This alder mark, which o'er the stream depends,
Deep and more deep the pooly stream descends ;
Here, on the HOLY DAY,(e) at hour of pray'r,
The truant peasant lays his artful snare ;

(e) As Mr. Cunningham, the pastoral poet, was fishing on a Sunday. near Durham, the Reverend and corpulent Mr. B—— chanced to pass that way; and, knowing Mr. Cunningham, austerey reproached him for breaking the Sabbath, observing that he was doubly reprehensible, as his good sense should have taught him better. The poet turned round and coolly replied, " Your external appearance, reverend sir, says, that if your dinner were at the bottom of the river along with mine, you would angle for it, though it were a fast-day, and your Saviour stood by to rebuke you."

While brethren of the plough confess their sins,
He, more profane, large finny lucre wins.
But yet more oft he prowls, like beast of night,
And plunders by the moon's perverted light,
Law-guarded streams: hence **RIGHTEOUS** Anglers
 pine,
And lords of fish at fish-less tables dine.
Nor wonder—where the laws are too severe,
The feeling mind will e'er incline to spare.
But we no interdicted joys partake—
No laws we trample, and **NO SABBATH BREAK** ;(f)

(f) **SABBATH-BREAKING.** It may be doubted whether the severe prohibitions of harmless sports on the Sabbath-day, are not productive of many more and greater evils than it prevents. In the most rigid Catholic countries, they are allowed and even encouraged, at the intervals of divine service; and their morals are never the worse. But Englishmen, pent up all the rest of the week in close confined workshops, require exercise and amusement; and being deprived of it on a Sunday, spend it in ale-houses, getting drunk, and entailing wretchedness on their families for the

Unpriok'd by conscience, we pursue our toil,
Rewarded with a load of honest spoil.
Dire ills the kingdom of the fin await,
And other foes than man consume their state :
The Coot; the Dab-chick, and the spotted Snake,
The Fowl of forage, and the household Drake,
The Hern's long beak, the Swan's high favour'd
breed,
And Bittern's trump, hoarse sounding in the reed.
Fierce discord, too, insatiate fury reigns,
Amid the carnage of the wat'ry plains :
Trout on the race of Loach renew their meal,
While teeming spawn gluts the devouring Eel ;

remainder of the week. Another consequence of so impolitic a constraint is, that Saint Monday, Holy Tuesday, and oftentimes more days that should be devoted to work, are wasted in the skittle-ground ; and ebriety, indolence, poverty, wretchedness, and disease, are thereby occasioned. To attend the divine service should be more rigorously enforced than it is ; but a proper enjoyment after it should be allowed.

Pearch, ever warring, wastes the Minnowy fry,
And trembling Roach before the Pick'rel fly ;
On these sweet banks, one vernal morn, my foot
Struck, near an aged willow's warty root,
A Pike's drum-rattling head, his spiked jaw,
Had ill secured him from an OTTER's(g) paw.

(g) The OTTER. The description of this animal, and the modes of destroying it, are mentioned on account of its being so inveterate a foe to the Angler's amusement ; for the Otter is as destructive in a pond, as a pole-cat in a hen-house. It seems to form a link between terrestrial and aquatic animals, resembling the former in shape, and the latter in being able to continue a considerable time under water, and in being web-footed, whereby it swims so fast as to overtake fish in their own element ; but he is not, strictly speaking, amphibious ; for if he gets entangled in a net, and cannot free himself by cutting the meshes with his teeth, he is drowned. The usual length of the Otter, from the tip of the nose to the base of the tail, is twenty-three inches ; and the tail itself is rather more than half the length of the body ; the weight of the male from eighteen to twenty-six, of the female, from thirteen to twenty-two pounds. One in October, 1794, was snared in the river Lea, weighing above forty pounds. The head and nose are

That WATER-WOLF of species undefin'd,
Or fish, or quadruped, or both conjoin'd ;—

broad and flat; the eyes brilliant though small, nearer the nose than are usual in quadrupeds, and placed so as to observe every thing *above*, like the eel: which position gives it a singular advantage when lurking at the bottom of rivers for prey, as the fish cannot observe an object under them, and the Otter seizing them from beneath by the middle, takes them with little exertion; the ears are extremely short, the orifice narrow; the opening of the mouth is small; the lips are capable of being brought close together, are very muscular, and designed to close the mouth firmly while in the action of diving, and the nose and corners of the mouth are furnished with very long whiskers. It has thirty-six teeth, six cutting and two canine above and below; of the former the middlemost are the least, and it has besides five grinders on each side in both jaws. The legs are very short, but remarkably broad and muscular; the joints articulated so loosely, that the Otter can turn them quite back, and bring them on a line with its body, and use them as fins: each foot has five toes connected by strong webs, like those of water-fowl. The Otter has no heel, but a round ball under the sole of the foot, by which its track in the mud is easily distinguished, and is termed the *scal*. Its colour is a deep brown, except two small spots of

The honest Angler's hate, the huntsman's joy,
Let spears tranfix him, and let dogs destroy.

white on each side the nose, and one under the chin, and is more valuable if the animal be killed in winter than summer. The Otter shows great sagacity in forming its abode, burrowing under ground on the banks of some river or lake, and always making the entrance hole under water, working upwards to the surface of the earth, and forming several lodges, that in cases of flood, it may have a retreat (for no animal is more careful to repose in a dry place,) and there making a minute orifice for the admission of air; and even this aperture is often formed in the middle of some thick bush for concealment. The Otter destroys large quantities of fish, for he will eat none but what he takes himself, and of those only particular parts, so that he wastes much more than he eats. In rivers he swims against the stream to meet his prey, and it is said that two Otters will hunt in concert that active fish the Salmon: one stations himself above and the other below where the fish lies, and being thus chased incessantly, the wearied Salmon becomes their prey. They take to the sea, and are seen about the Orkneys, where their food is Cod and Conger. In very hard weather, when the natural sort of food fails, the Otter will kill lambs, sucking pigs and poultry; and one was caught in a warren, whither it had come to prey upon rabbits. He will often ven-

Nor pity shew the tyrant of the lake,
Who slaughters all, with blind and ruthless hate :

ture far upon land, where the dogs will spontaneously attack him ; but he will in his defence, bite the dogs most cruelly, sometimes with such force as to break their leg-bones, and never quits his hold but with life. In the water he will draw the dog under and suffocate him. The Otter is capable of being tamed : he will follow his master like a dog ; and even fish for him, and return with his prey, more than sufficient for the use of a family.

The hunting of the Otter was formerly considered as excellent sport, and hounds were kept solely for that purpose : the sportsmen went on each side of the river, beating the banks and sedges with the dogs, poles, &c. ; if there was an Otter in that quarter, his *seal* was soon traced upon the mud, as the water, wherever it would admit of it, was lowered as much as possible to expose hollow banks, reed-beds, and stubs, that might otherwise shelter him ; each hunter had a spear to attack the Otter when he *vented*, or came to the surface to breathe. If he was not found by the river side, it was supposed that he had gone to *couch* inland, and was sought for accordingly. If the dogs found, the hunters viewed his trace to discover which way he had taken. The spears were used in aid of the dogs. When an Otter is wounded, he takes to land, where he makes an

In vain the Salmon, Carp, elude his search—
Vain all the bristly fins of thornback Pearch—
The Eel in vain for safety hides in mud—
The Pike's iron jaws—the terror of the flood—
The crafty Otter springs from underneath,
Then hastens to his lodge to feast and breathe :
There, dainty, wastes much more than he devours,
And, renovate, again destruction pours.
In vain the owner mourns the ravag'd pond,
Depriv'd of dainties, of which he's most fond ;—

obstinate defence ; an old Otter will never give up whilst he has life, and the male never utters any cry when seized by the dogs, or even transfix'd by a spear ; but the females with young emit a very shrill squeak. The chase of the Otter has still its very staunch admirers, though the breed be much diminished. In 1796, near Bridgenorth, on the river Worse, four Otters were killed : one stood three, another four hours before the dogs, and was scarcely a minute out of sight. The hearts were eaten by many respectable people, who attended the hunt, and allowed to be delicious ; the other parts were also eaten by the men employed, and found to be excellent.

In vain the Angler tries the common stream,
He finds nor Carp, Tench, Barbel, Pearch nor Bream ;
All arm t' oppose the tyrant's hateful reign,
The sounding horn calls out the hunters' train.

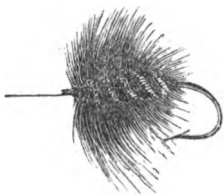
Lo ! at the sound the hunters gay appear,
Each bearing in his hand the sharpen'd spear ;
Eager for sport, by well-known sounds inspir'd,
The dogs range round with equal ardour fir'd ;
They try the hollow banks, the lofty sedge,
The alder's roots, and scent the muddy edge.
Plunge fearless in the stream, whilst with the roar,
They make rebellow each resounding shore.
At length behold the leavings of his feast,
And on the oozy mud his seal imprest !
He's ta'en the water, thither tends his track,
Haste, huntsman, quick lay on the furious pack.
Now eager all t' enjoy the scene of blood,
Dogs, men and horses, rush into the flood.
See, there he vents ! A lucky jav'lin, thrown
With strenuous arm, infixes in the bone :

He dives, he vents again, one hardy hound,
Tenacious, plunges with him to the ground.
All disappear—all re-ascend afar,
Redoubled clamours urge the wat'ry war.
Escap'd he seeks yon willow's root, his fort,
The dogs close follow, mad with rage and sport;
No longer can the tyrant keep at bay,
See, there he dives! the bubbles mark his way.
Once more compell'd, he rises to take vent,
Shakes his short ears, and seems now almost spent,
Half drown'd he flies to land, but 'tis too late,
The yelping pack proclaim the tyrant's fate:
Now fainting, panting, close pursued by death,
To the whole worrying pack he yields his breath.

But hark! I hear the shepherd's voice—behold
His bleating flocks he hastens to the fold.
My spirits flag, and aching limbs advise
Rest, and the fare which wasted strength supplies:
The nerves, which by excess of toil we strain,
Should be to vig'rous toil brao'd up again.

So shall they last with care a good old age,
'Till nature gives the cue to quit the stage.

Yon smoking cot, beat by the mountain wind,
Harbours a good and hospitable mind ;
Reg'lar his rent, and annual tythes he pays,
His friend he welcomes, and on Sunday prays ;
Nor turns the way-worn stranger from his door,
Receives the rich—but welcomes in the poor.
There on good beef the ev'ning I'll regale,
And crown the sober cup with nut-brown ale.



CANTO VIII.

TROLLING FOR PIKE.

Time, October.—Rural Scenery and Employments.—Description of the Pike, and mode of Feeding it.—Proper Baits and Rules for the Sport.—A Recipe for Cooking it.—Quære as to the Origin of the Angler's Art.—The Seasons improper for Angling, when the Fish are Breeding.—Hope delusive.—Reflections on Nature's Works.—The Soldier-Crab.—Polypus, &c.—On the Organ of Hearing in Fish.—The Bounty of Providence ought to impress us with Gratitude.—Return Home.



CANTO VIII.



TROLLING FOR PIKE. (a)



Now to a close draws on the short-liv'd year,
The fields despoil'd a dusky colour wear ;

(a) The **PIKE** has a flat head, the upper jaw broad, and shorter than the lower : the under jaw turns up a little at the end, and is marked with minute punctures. The teeth

A fading green o'er-spreads the with'ring mead,
And all the smiling summer scenes are fled :

are very sharp, disposed only in the front of the upper jaw, but in both sides of the lower, in the roof of the mouth and often in the tongue. The mouth is very wide, the eyes small. It is found in most of the lakes of Europe; the largest of the kind caught in England weighed thirty-five pounds. It lives to a vast age, some say ninety, others above two hundred and fifty years. They spawn in March or April, according to the state of the weather. When in high season, their colours are very fine, being green spotted with bright yellow; the gills are of a most vivid and full red. When out of season, the green changes to a grey, and the yellow spots become of a pale hue. The Pike never swims in shoals, but always lies alone, and is so ravenous that it will seize on any thing less than itself. Fishes betray the same detestation and dread of this tyrant, as birds do at the sight of a hawk. When it lies dormant near the surface, as it often does, the lesser fishes swim round it in great numbers and anxiety: and they are then often noosed with a halter. As instances of its voracity, it has been known to destroy young swans, and swallow them feathers and all. A watch, with a black ribband and two steel seals has been taken out of the stomach; and one was taken in the river Avon, near Stanley Abbey, weighing sixteen pounds, which disgorged another weighing four pounds and a half, and

Denuded branches of the grove no more
Afford a shade to those who faint explore,
In search of shelter from the noon-day heat,
The brushy underwood with weary feet.
Stript of their mantle by the northern breeze ;
And shaken to and fro, the aged trees
Bend to th' autumnal winds their waving tops—
And, disengaged, the yellow foliage drops.
The sportsman see ! The pointers make a stand !
Bereft of shelter, in the stubble land,

measuring two feet, two inches and a half. Colonel Thornton killed one measuring five feet four inches from eye to fork. The art of Feeding Pike, so as to make them very fat, is by giving them eels, and without this it is not to be done under a long time ; otherwise Pearch, while small, and their prickly fins tender, are the best food for them. Bream put into a Pike pond are very proper food ; they will breed freely, and their young ones make excellent food for the Pike, who will take care they shall not increase over much. The numerous shoals of Roaches and Ruda, which are continually changing place, and often in floods get into the Pike's quarters, are food for them a long time.

The tim'rous covey dread the fatal snare,
And mount with new-fledg'd wings an untried air :
In vain they fly, the sportsman's murd'rous aim
O'ertakes and strews them lifeless on the plain.
Their golden loads the orchards scarcely bear,
The busy swains the cyder-press prepare ;
And fill their vessels with the mellow juice
With economic care set by for use ;
Or from the groaning gran'ry's well-fill'd stores,
The hind into the vat the barley pours,
And by the well-known process draws from thence
The sparkling ale—that oft deprives of sense.

But see, high noon invites to sit and eat,
Hunger's the sweetest sauce, though coarse the
meat.

The season smiles, this mild October day,
Cheers like the setting of a summer's ray ;
We ask no bow'r, sweet is the open sky,
The turf our board, and Heav'n our canopy.

The meads of Witham wear a fainter green,
 Mid Autumn here paints no unpleasant scene ;
 Rest, rest, my rod, on troubled FROSHWELL'S (b)
 brink—

Boy, bring the flask, the Angler's health we'll drink !
 Froshwell, thou deep, dark river, slow of pace,
 Chelmer impatient waits for thine embrace ;
 How num'rous are the nations of the stream !
 The mud-enamour'd Tench, the watchful Bream ;
 YARE'S (c) luscious RUFF, (d) and Pike-enticing
 Roach,—

The grov'ling Gudgeon, and the rill-born Loach ;—

(b) FROSHWELL, otherwise Pant, is Witham river. It rises near Radwinter, in the north-west angle of Essex, passes by Witham, meets the Chelmer a little above Malden, and a little below that town falls with the Chelmer into the sea.

(c) *Yare* is a Norfolk river. Its spring is near Kingham in that county. Having joined Windser a little below Norwich and Waveney, above Burgh Castle, it falls into the sea at Yarmouth.

(d) The *Ruff* differs little from the *Pearch* except in size,

The Cheven gross, the shapely Barbel's might,—
And the fierce river Shark's tremendous bite ;
And painted Trout, which, half the rounding year,
Springs at the fly in currents brisk and clear.
The Pike's my joy, of all the scaly shoal ;
And of all FISHING-INSTRUMENTS,(e) the TROLL.(f)

which seldom exceeds six inches : so that it is appropriately named *perca fluviatilis minor*. It is second to none for delicacy of taste.

(e) Fishermen have two principal ways of catching Pike ; by the *ledger* and by the *walking-bait*. The ledger-bait is fixed in one certain place, and may continue while the Angler is absent. This must be a live bait, a fish or a frog : and among fish, the dace, roach and gudgeon are the best : of frogs choose the largest and yellowest. If the bait be a fish, the hook is to be struck through the upper lip, and the line must be fourteen yards at least in length : the other end of this to be tied to a tree, or to a stick driven into the ground near the Pike's haunt, and all the line wound round about a forked stick, except about half a yard. The bait will by this means keep playing so much under water, and the Pike will soon lay hold of it. If the bait be a frog, then the arming wire of the hook should be put in at the mouth,

My bounding heart against my bosom beats,
Now while my tongue the glorious strife repeats.

and out at the side ; and with a needle and some strong silk the hinder leg of one side is to be fastened by one stitch to the wire arming of the hook. The Pike will soon seize this, and must have line enough to give him leave to get to his haunt, and poach the bait.

(f) The *Trolling* for Pike is also a pleasant method of taking them. The *trolling-rod* has several small rings, fixed on every one of its joints ; upon the but-joint is fitted a reel with its winch. On the reel are wound twenty, thirty, or forty yards of silk line, which passes through the rings on the rod, and is then fastened to the gimp with which the hook is armed. The hook itself is a compound of two small Pearch-hooks put back to back. Between the hooks hangeth a little chain, and at the end of the chain a small plummet. The plummet is to be sewn into the mouth of a dead fish, Roach or Gudgeon, the hooks being left without exposed to sight. The bait, thus fastened, is to be kept in constant motion in the water, sometimes suffered to sink, then gradually raised, now drawn with the stream, and now against it, the better to counterfeit life. If the Pike be at hand, he mistakes it for a living fish, seizes it and runs off to his lurking place, and in ten or twelve minutes gorges it. You then give a sudden jerk, play him till he is tired, draw him towards the bank, and with a landing-net, bring him on *terra firma*.

O, when he feels my jerking hook, with pow'r
And rage he bounces from his reedy bow'r ;
He traverses the stream with strong career,
With straiten'd line his furious course I steer ;
He springs above the wave, at length o'ercome,
This ev'ning he shall feast my cheerful home.
While I look round to find some honour'd guest,
To my house-keeper I entrust the rest—
SERINA, knowing in all household art,
Graces, in ev'ry scene, each changing part.
My table she improves, her curious care
Bestows the savour delicate and rare.
To me no hand, like her's, can cook a fish,
Tho' diff'rent palates like a diff'rent dish.
'Twas where the Stour, with his broad humid train,
Severs the hills from Stratford's lowly plain,
My fishing æra with a Pike began,
And once in water, once in wine it swam.
With dext'rous knife she stript his silver mail,
And bath'd the body in her cleanly pail ;

Then like embalmer of the Memphian race,
With critic eye she mark'd incision's place,
Just under the late breathing gills, and drew
The still warm entrails reeking from the stew.
In the disbowell'd void, she, next, convey'd
Sweet-scented marj'ram, and the spicy blade,
Fragrance of thyme, aquatic sav'ry's spoil,
And the churn's golden lumps of clodded oil;
The pickled oyster in due order pass'd,
All seas'ning salt, and rich anchovy last.
With lathes and fillet on his axle bound
By culinary laws he wheels his round.
His liquor'd sides emit luxuriant steam
Of claret, anchovy, and new made cream.
Now, smoking in the dish, he swims once more
In a hot bath (the pan's unwasted store,)
With juice from Seville's piquant orange prest—
Such supper thee, APICIUS,(g) would have blest.

(g) *Apicius*, a noted Roman glutton in the days of the Emperor Tiberius.

Most arts, 'tis said, can boast in story'd fame,
Their birth, progression, and the founder's name :
Ours, by what genius are its honours sung ?
Growth of what clime ? From whose invention
 sprung ?

Say, man of letters, can thy reading shew,
Through this blind labyrinth, a leading clue ?
WALTON, our great forefather, and our pride,
The curious search with happy labour tried ;
He found our wand in wild Arabia nurs'd,
And patient Job, great fisherman the first :
But brains of scholars are inventive things—
Read Monmouth's Geoffry, read Buchanan's kings :
Yet if the Muse's wreath bestows renown,
Is not our name immortaliz'd by BROWNE ?(h)

Nature, my friend, whose certain signs ordain
The time to scatter and to reap the grain,

(h) Moses Browne, author of nine piscatory eclogues.

Governs our art ; your idle rods suspend,
In love's nice season, till in May it end.
For when the RAM (i) salutes the remeant sun,
And while his mounting wheels through Taurus run,
The pregnant females of the streams expel
Their oval sperm, in some selected cell :
Th' attending mate, auxiliar of his wife,
Pours over all the principle of life.
Faint lassitude succeeds and hate of food—
Wait till one moon renew the hungry mood.
But Cancer's heat, or Leo's hotter pow'r,
Brings the Tench forward to her painful hour ;
And, strange to tell! Now while chill Autumn blows,
The Trout, prolific, feels a mother's throes ;
Yet stranger still, if fame our faith obtains,
The Carp six labours in the year sustains.

(i) RAM ; the Sun enters into Aries in March, Taurus in April, and Cancer in June.

Arise, admonish'd by the scanty day,
Our wands upbraid us with this long delay.
Help! Quick advance the landing-net — he's
mine!

I feel him—now he pulls the stretching line;
A Pike—I've lost him; he has burst the snare;
And must my hopes this disappointment bear?
Vexation is in vain---fret e'er so long,
Fortune but smiles, when accident goes wrong;
Shorten your hopes, nor yet the shortest trust,
But to whate'er befalls, your mind adjust.
And yet to action what impels the heart?
In suff'ring what upholds, if hope depart?
Hope is the lover's balm, the soldier's mail,
The courtier's pension, and the merchant's gale:
Hope lends her crutches to low stooping grief,
And bids the future rise to our relief;
Again, and yet again, she may deceive—
We love th' illusion, and we still believe.

Lo, a fresh prey ! Now to the bank-side draw—
No STATUTE(k) fish—ah, tremble at the law !

And lo ! another whirling axle see !
Your watch examine—on the stroke of three.
Spare him some minutes, till he gorge his meal—
To expedite his fate, now spin your reel.
Hail, scaly terror ! Hail ! Salute from shore
Thy liquid realm, ne'er to salute it more.
Bless me ! A size for sacerdotal taste—
The rector's cook his thirsty hide shall baste.

Suffic'd with game, my thoughts I'll entertain
With nature's wonders in her wat'ry reign.
Tell how the prudent Barbel roots below,
Treasures her spawn, and mocks th' insidious foe ;

(A) By the Statute, Pike must not be taken under ten inches: the forfeiture is twenty shillings, the fish, and the engine it is taken with.

What to the spawnless Eel a race supplies,
Why at the thunder's awful sound she flies ;
What periods bound the finny lives, and where
To fun'ral grots their lifeless kin they bear.
Raptur'd I see the SOLDIER-CRAB^(l) explore
His change of armour on the tide-wash'd shore :

(l) The *Soldier*, or *Hermit-Crab*, inhabits the empty cavities of turbinated shells, changing its habitation according to its increase from a small to a larger one. Nothing can be more diverting than to observe this animal when wanting to exchange its shell. The little Soldier is seen busily parading the shore along that line of pebbles and shells which is formed by the extremest wave, still however dragging its old incommodious habitation behind it, unwilling to part with one shell, even though a troublesome appendage, till it can find another more suitable. It is seen stopping at one shell, turning it and passing it by ; going on to another, contemplating that for awhile, and then slipping its tail from its old habitation to try on the new : this is also found to be inconvenient, and it quickly returns to its old shell again. In this manner it frequently changes, till at last it finds one light, roomy and commodious ; to this it adheres, though the shell be sometimes so large as to hide the body of the animal, claws and all. Yet it is not

Enlarg'd in bulk, uneasy in their case,
Down the steep cliff their annual march they trace :
They rove the beach, the shelly sloughs they try,
Sagacious this reject, and that apply.
Two rivals now for the fair prize contend,
Fierce is the fray, much rival strength they spend,
The victor all at once leaps forth to view
From his old mail, and stalks into the new.

till after many trials and many combats also, that the Soldier is thus completely equipped ; for there is often a contest between two of them for some well-looking favourite shell for which they are rivals. They both endeavour to take possession ; they strike with their claws ; they bite each other, till the weakest is obliged to yield by giving up the object of dispute. It is then that the victor immediately takes possession, and parades in his new conquest backward and forward upon the strand before his envious antagonist. When this animal is taken, it sends forth a feeble cry, endeavouring to seize the enemy with its nippers, which, if it succeeds, it will rather die than forego. When roasted in the shell they are esteemed delicate.

That variegating fish, whose ruling name
Is borrow'd from a star, her form the same,
Confounds the sage : she mocks the wounding steel,
Her own balsamic juice the wound will heal.
Lop off her limbs, the vital nave will fling
New radii forth, another limb will spring :
So the ditch polype with the sheers divide,
Transverse, oblique, in head, or tail, or side,
Lives in each part : each part instinct with soul,
Repullulates, and forms a perfect whole.
Have fish the (*m*) *hearing organ*?—'Tis denied ;
But Bacon's name adorns th' affirming side.

(*m*) With respect to the hearing of fishes, it is urged, that when kept in a pond, they may be made to answer at the call of a whistle, or the ringing of a bell ; and that they will even be terrified at any sudden and violent noise, such as thunder, the firing of guns, &c. and sink to the bottom of the water. If they have these organs, it may be doubted whether there be an external passage to them, and that only a certain tremulous motion is conveyed to them, from sounds issuing from without.

Learn what long since my wand'ring eyes beheld,
Near the green margin of the war-fam'd Scheldt.
Not far remov'd from where proud Antwerp
bends

Her stretching crescent, and to Heav'n ascends,
A palace-abbey stands ; commanding round
A rich extent of sacerdotal ground ;
There holy Bernard's white-gown'd sons, retir'd
From the lewd world, with burgundy inspir'd,
Hymn the bright Virgin, or with sacred glee
Sing requiems to the dead for ghostly fee ; (n)
Good, round paunch'd, lazy monks, as e'er you'd
see :

'Mongst them much fasting there did not appear,
Nor the least signs of any worldly care ;
Save how to keep out sorrow from their souls,
Or drown it, if it enter'd, with full bowls.

(n) At least did so before the late French revolution.

For these with luscious fruits the garden glow'd—
For these the moat round the slop'd terrace flow'd,
Stock'd with enormous Carp ; I saw them roll,
Call'd by a practis'd brother of the cowl :
His well known whistle they obey'd ; they sped
In wallowing heaps, to seize the promised bread :
Carp (o) should ring carp th' injected morsel snap,
As monks push monks in scuffle for a cap.

(o) PIKE, when used to be fed by hand, will come up to the very shore, and take the food that is given them out of the feeder's hand. It is wonderful to see with what courage they will do this, after awhile practising ; and it is a very diverting sight, when there are several of them nearly of the same size, to see what striving and fighting there will be for the best bits when they are thrown in. The most convenient place is near the mouth of the pond, and where there is about half a yard depth of water : for by that means, the offal of the feedings will all lie in one place, and the deep water will serve for a place to retire to, and be always clean and in order.

Carp will be fed in the same manner as Pike ; and though by nature as shy and timorous as the Pike, is bold and fearless, yet by custom they will come and take their food

Look where you will, through Nature's varying
scenes,

The whole with objects of our wonder teems.

How much we see ! yet infinitely more

Is hidden from our eyes in Nature's store.

The sea's vast space a thousand tribes contains,

Which never may reward man's active pains ;

Yet all we see, by an all-bounteous Heav'n

Has for the use of man, ingrate, been giv'n.

Oh ! would but he from this great instance learn

God's providential goodness to discern !

Why does the earth her precious gifts produce,

But for unthinking man's support and use ?

For him the corn in fertile vallies shoots,

For him the orchard yields its golden fruits ;

out of the person's hand ; and will, like the Pike, quarrel
with one another for the nicest bits. But the question of
their hearing is not yet sufficiently solved.

For him kind Nature clothes the verdant meads,
For him the oak its lofty branches spreads :
Oh ! let us then adore the Cause supreme,
And make our debt to Him our daily theme !
Let inward pleasure glow in ev'ry breast,
And let's with rapture own how much we're blest.

But now, my friend, the length'ning shadows view,
'Tis time our homeward journey to pursue,
The rising dew, and moisten'd atmosphere
Counsel retreat—haste, other joys we'll share :
We'll brim the bowl, the blazing hearth we'll heap,—
An early supper breeds unruffled sleep.
Sleep, soothing pow'r ! what balm dost thou dispense,
To raise our spirits, and revive our sense !
Great nurse of Nature, thy pacific sway,
Both prince and peasant readily obey.
Refresh'd by thee our pleasures we renew,
Or else with vigour, daily toils pursue ;

A ruddy glow thou giv'st to blooming health,
Without thee valueless are pow'r and wealth :
To princely couch thou oft deny'st thy balm,
While peasants find repose serene and calm.



CANTO IX.

ANGLING FOR PIKE WITH LAY-HOOKS.

Time, February.—Aspect of the Country.—Directions for the Sport.—The Heron.—Noted Rivers and Lakes for Angling.—The Decoy Ponds.—Angling on the Lakes.—Description of the Trimmer, another Instrument for catching Pike.—Colonel Thornton.—His mode of Fishing with Fox-hounds.—Praise due to him for making Ladies Partakers of the Angler's Sports.—Invitation to the Fair Sex.—A Storm—Salmon Fishing.—Invitation to Sportsmen.



CANTO IX.

ANGLING FOR PIKE WITH LAY-HOOKS.(a)

Now, at the last of Winter's dreary reign,
More early morn bedecks the east again ;

(a) Lay-hook fishing differs little if any thing from that described as *ledger-bait* in the note, page 144, of the last canto. But as it is rather differently described and practised,

And once more cheers our icy spell-bound vale :
Hail, silver-bearded FEBRUARY, hail !
In furrow'd tracts beneath the frozen plain,
Nurs'd by the snow, bursts forth the hidden grain ;
And vegetation spreads throughout the meads,
O'er which the rustio peasant cheerful treads :

I shall give another direction.—At the taper end of an hazel stick, thirteen or fourteen feet long, a small crotch or reel is fastened by a piece of cord. About the crotch you wind fifteen or twenty yards of strong packthread, leaving about a yard thereof to hang loose. This loose yard of line is tied to the armed wire of the hook, after having drawn the armed wire betwixt the skin and ribs of a living roach. The bait being thus put on the hook, and the hook tied to the line, and the line gently inserted in a slit in one of the legs of the crotch, the hazel stick is fixed into the bank of the river, so that the bait may play at liberty half a yard or more under water. When a pike seizes it, he jerks the string out of the slit, and all the line drops from the reel or crotch, and gives him freedom to make for his den. In about a quarter of an hour, he swallows the fish, and is then, by proper management, easily drawn ashore.

Shelter'd beneath the shed, the lowing herds,
And in the roof's close thatch, the nestling birds
Together crowd to keep each other warm,
And there defy the rude inclement storm.
Descending snow now covers all the meads,
O'er trees and bushes its white mantle spreads;
The rustio youth in sport each other course,
And hurl the snow-ball with a dextrous force ;
Beneath the shelter of a little thatch,
The old ones jest and laugh and troll the catch ;
Each passes round the jug of humming ale,
The gossips tell some legendary tale :
With renovated warmth their old hearts burn,
And gladly welcome in the spring's return.
The sun, now wheeling through the Fisher's sign,
Favours my vows, his beams well omen'd shine ;
ORWELL (b) imbibes the ray, the frost of night
Dissolves, and Pike with rabid rage will bite.

(b) *Orwell* is a Suffolk river, rising near Rattlesden, below Wellpit in that county. It receives the Gipping soon

Each river, which the Suffolk springs supply,
Shrinks to a rill before a northern eye ;
Such stately streams their teeming vales o'erspread,
So wide their channel, and so deep their bed.
— Yet from his fertile urn the Orwell yields,
Waters as sweet, and bathes as lovely fields ;
His deeps, his shoals, his weedy and his clear,
With game are peopled through the changeful year.
How oft, exulting, from these banks I've come,
Weary and laden to my lowly home !
E'en winter pleases here ; when winter binds
The clods like iron, with its freezing winds,
Here, in defiance of the blast, I troll
For the strong Pike deep harbour'd in his hole.
This dreaded dragon of the streams I bring,
A gentle thrall, fast in my slender string :

after it has passed Stowmarket. From thence it flows to Needham, Bramford, Sproughton, Ipswich, and enters the sea by Harwich.

My whirling reel's the omen of his fate,
Whene'er his rav'nous gorge devours the bait :
Else arm'd with stouter war, my sturdy hand
Tugs, and high whirls him glitt'ring on the strand ;
But Orwell listens not, although I sing—
Orwell is surely wander'd from his spring ;
My lay, else, sounding through his wat'ry court,
Instant had rais'd him to assist my sport.
But no, he hears ! mark, mark, this empty reel,
A certain sign ! a weighty fish I feel :
I poise him with my hand—his flesh, I guess,
Six lusty feeders very well may mess.—
Another's run—and yet another line—
This booty might a princely table dine :
That hook's abortive, but the deep gash'd bait
Shews some huge jaw reserv'd for future fate.—
Ha ! whence that flutt'ring sound ? A heron's wing !
Arch-felon, art thou caught ? Hold, stubborn string !
The hazel he has launch'd—he mounts in air,
The wood's too pond'rous for his flight to bear.

He drops! plunge, Jowler, gripe the wearied prey,
The judgment dealing knife the thief shall slay :
Thy skin, for terror to the rav'ning race,
Expanded wide, some spacious wall shall grace.

Mild is the winter, merry is the game,
My tongue no more shall Suffolk's streams defame.
Full in the middle of the (c) bounding line,
Which these to Norfolk's open pastures join,
Two neighbour founts with adverse currents run,
That seeks the setting, this the rising sun :
Thence OUSE, the less, his humble stores obtains,
And WAVENEY (d) hence his nobler waters gains ;
Harlstone's fam'd kine by limpid Waveney graze,
And Bungay from her height his stream surveys :
Between them Wortwell, near the public way,
Extends her straw-thatch'd huts and walls of clay.

(c) Lopham Ford.

(d) *Waveney* is the county river which divides Norfolk from Suffolk.

Her croaking fen the Angler's hopes will bless,
Come and with me rich Waveney's wealth possess ;
Roach, Gudgeon, Dace, our playful art shall
feel—

Our serious skill huge Pike and pond'rous (e)Eel;

(e) The *Eel* may be taken by angling with a ledger-bait, or by *snigging*, and *bobbing*. The best baits are powdered beef, lob or garden worm, minnow, gut of fowl, or of any fish, for he is very greedy, and a small lamprey. Eels seldom stir in the day-time, and are caught in greatest quantities by night-lines. *Snigging* is thus performed : Take an ordinary sized needle ; whip it only about the middle part, to three inches of the strongest fine twine, waxed, and fastened to several yards of whip-cord or pack-thread. Thrust the end of your needle into the head end of a large lob-worm, and draw him on, till you have got it to the middle of the worm ; then in the end of a small long stick, which you may fix into one joint or more of your rod, let there be stuck another needle, fastened well from slipping out, with about half an inch of the point appearing. Put this also into the head of the baited worm, and holding the whole length of the cord in your hand, together with the stick, thrust your bait between the cleft of any elods or piles in shallow water, till you have lost sight of it ; then

Bright Carp the drag — Tench shall the bonnet
fill,
And Pearch in plenty teize the diving quill.

softly draw your stick away, laying it aside, keeping the line still in your hand, till you perceive it to draw, and aftersome time strike ; but you must tire him well, before you attempt to land him. The needle, which before this lay buried in the worm, will by the stroke be pulled quite across the throat of the Eel, and hold him fast. When he is landed, you may, by squeezing one of the points through the skin, draw that and the whole line after it, without the trouble attending dislodging a hook. *Bobbing* is performed by stringing a large number of worms with a needle on a fine but strong packthread, running them from head to tail, till you have strung about a pound ; then wrapping them about a dozen times round your hand, tie them fast with the two ends of the thread, that they may hang in hanks or links ; fasten these to a strong cord about two yards long ; and about eight inches above the worms tie a knot ; upon this let a plummet of lead rest, being bored through, that it may easily slip to and fro ; tie this cord to a strong taper pole about three yards long, and angle with this in a muddy water, in the deeper sides of streams. The Eels will tug at it eagerly ; then draw up worms and

Along the stream, in the sweet summer eve,
Our little Gondola her path shall cleave,
While we at ease the sloping hill admire,
By Ceres drest in plenty's rich attire.
The cultur'd hills a range of gardens seem,
Behind their tops sinks the day's golden beam ;
And Red'nhall's awful tower looking o'er
The river views, and alder-shaded shore.

Or, if you'd rather northern landscapes share,
The mountains climb and breathe a purer air ;
Seas, rivers, rocks, and vales in prospect lie
In the vast circle of the bounding sky.
There, in perfection, angling joys partake,
And steer by compass o'er the sea broad lake.

Eels, not with a jerk, but a steady, swift and even hand ;
and giving it a smart twitch, shake them suddenly off on
land, or into your boat, or which is best, into a floating
box, with a handle to direct so as to lie most convenient for
your purpose. You may take this way, three or four at a
time. Sniggling and Bobbing are only used for Eel-fishing.

On (f)Winder's banks a solar journey stray,
There wallow Trout no Suffolk line can weigh :
There Pearch gigantic cut the foaming wave,
Whose force the pow'r of all your lines will brave.
There too, desir'd by nations from afar,
Swims the bright beauty of the luscious Charr.
Those meres surpass in size—yet less ones claim
A no mean share of piscatory fame :
Do not despise those ponds whose waters sleep
Sweet o'er the golden cruso, and the heap
Of fatt'ning bream, while the Carp's radiant scale,
And sleeker Tench their oozy nymphs regale.
From Ipswich eastward, where, for annual gold,
Fleet coursers thunder o'er the dusty mould,
Three reservoirs will there refresh your eye—
Broad in the warren's swampy dale they lie :

(f) *Winder-mere* in Westmoreland, so called by the people residing there ; but properly *Winander-mere*.

There TUTOR'D FOWL (*g*) their fellow fowl betray,
Wheedled from starving climes by promis'd prey.
Sly, from behind his art-wove skreen of reed,
The master casts the grain, the scholars feed;
The foreign guests steal on, and unaware,
Flutter and perish in his ambush'd snare.—
—Those waters, stor'd from many a secret sluice,
Patrician and plebeian fins produce.
The Pike, an emperor, maintains his state,
Roach die by thousands, for his mouth is fate ;
If Roach you scorn, the nobler Bream shall grace,
Your haughty triumph with his captiv'd race :

(*g*) The *Decoy-ducks* fly abroad, as some conjecture into Holland and Germany, and perhaps farther, where they meet with others of their own kind, and consorting with them, they, by some art, draw together a vast number of fowls, and kidnap them from their own country; for being once brought out of their knowledge, they follow the decoys as a dog follows a sportsman, and these subtle creatures return with a vast flight of fowls in their company, after having been absent for several weeks together.

Or if, perchance, war's ev'ry art should fail,
And heartless, homeward your tir'd steps you trail,
Some beauteous landscape may relieve your pain,
The pride of summer in her ev'ning's reign.
For the road rises to a gentle hill,
Where the chaste painter's eye might draw its fill.
Hence pleasing Ipswich, on the right we hail—
Her roofs and temples cluster'd in the vale :
Her river, on the left, expands its tide,
And, moor'd afar, diminish'd vessels ride.
But these are deviations from the scheme
Of angling, which should be our proper theme ;
Some casual, some subject parts do play
In the sweet drama of an Angler's day.
Our point is pastime, Angling is the means,
Ponds, lakes and rivers form the shifting scenes :
Captures of fish the sly intrigue employ,
And changing place diversifies the joy.
Such sports you'll find, if you in Suffolk's clime
Stay till the ruddy summer pass its prime.

From Ipswich seaward, there the moory land
Sinks in a bason, scoop'd by Nature's hand,
With many a bay and many a winding creek,
Whose pools with pleasing exhalations reek :
King'sfleet the name, which vulgar clowns impose,
The lake Elysian, what the Muse bestows.
When the staunch hound his perplex'd quart'ring
 tries,
And whirring pheasants from the stubble rise,
There have I often dipp'd my annual quill,
And oft with pleasure view'd the bord'ring hill.
There the new bow-net's double concave sweeps
The slimy Tench, fam'd CELSUS(h) of the deeps;—
There flounce the wanton Roach, our play begins,
We throng our floating well with crimson fins.

2

(h) *Celsus* was a famous Roman physician in the reign of the Emperor Tiberius; and a certain unctuous slime, peculiar to the Tench, has been supposed to be medicinal to the other fish. See Camden's *Britan.* p. 322.

Now CHARON(i) plies the splashing oar, and now
The level of a long canal we plough :
In even row, on either side is seen
The tall rush waving in his coat of green.
To DEBEN's(k) banks the wat'ry vисто tends,
And Baudsey's tow'r the length'ning prospect ends.
Our Roach we spit, the rolling TRIMMERS(l) cast,
Commend them to the breeze, and break our fast.

(i) *Charon*, the boatman, in Heathen mythology.

(k) *Deben*, Woodbridge river in Suffolk. It rises near Mendlesham, runs by Debenham and Woodbridge, and falls into the sea at Baudsey haven.

(l) *Trimmers*.—Another mode of fishing for Pike, as follows: a Trimmer is a small cylinder of wood; about the middle, which is turned to a less diameter, is wound a quantity of good strong pack-thread, twelve or fifteen yards or thereabouts. A yard thereof is let to hang down, and is tied to the armed wire of a jack-hook, after a living roach hath been put on the said hook in the manner before described in lay-hook fishing. The trimmer, thus furnished, is cast upon the water to seek its fortune. If a Pike take the bait he runs the line off the trimmer, and carries both away with him to the reeds near the shore. These live baits

We raven down our homely wholesome meal—
(No joys, like these, high-pamper'd gluttons feel)
Beneath a lowly roof our skiffs retreat
From wet ORION and the Dog-star's heat.

O THORNTON, (m) who has taught us how to join,
In these, OUR sports, the fair sex near divine—

may be attached to the body of a goose or duck, and driven across a pond; or to bladders, boughs, bundles of straw, hay or flags, to swim down a river, whilst the Angler walks at ease along the shore, watching the event.

(m) Colonel Thornton, the well known Author of the *Sporting Tour to Scotland*, and other works of like nature. The Colonel's new mode of *Fishing with fox-hounds*, as he terms it, is very little more than the old scheme of the *Trimmer* revived, and embellished: but he well deserves the eulogies of all Anglers, for having contrived to make these hitherto solitary sports agreeable to the fair sex, and to render aquatic excursions the most pleasing amusements imaginable. His description of it is as follows: "In order to describe this mode of fishing it may be necessary to observe, that I make use of pieces of cork of a conical form, all differently painted, and named after favourite hounds; and trifling wagers are made on their success, which add

(Who add a zest to ev'ry joy we taste,
And would an EDEN make of barren waste)
To thee, KEEN SPORTSMAN, utmost praise is due !
No SOLITARY pastimes we pursue,
Since females grace and ornament the view.

O, WOMAN! soother of our earthly care!
What bliss awaits, when you our pleasures share !

rather to the spirit of the sport."—"The mode of baiting them is by placing a live bait which hangs at the end of a line of one yard and a half long, fastened only so slightly that on the Pike's striking, two or three yards more may run off to enable him to gorge his bait. If more line is used it will prevent the sport that attends his diving and carrying under water the hound; which being thus pursued in a boat down the wind (the course they always take) affords very excellent amusement; and where Pike, or large Pearch or even Trout, are in plenty, before the hunters, (if I may so term these fishers) have run down the first Pike, others are seen coming towards them, with a velocity proportionable to the fish that is at them."—

"In a fine summer's evening, with a pleasant party, I have had excellent diversion; and it is, in fact, the *most adapted of any for ladies, whose company gives a gusto to all parties.*"

With buoyant heart, MAN soars beyond his sphere,
When his reward—th' applauses of the fair ;
No scenes more suited are to themes of love,
Than whilst on rivers' banks you fish and rove ;
T' instruct the fair the happy lover tries,
And grateful she rewards him with her eyes.
No longer then our Angling sports disdain,
Since (n) VENUS sprung from Ocean poets feign,
Rising all beauteous from the briny main :
As, of our grief, do thou partake our pleasure—
Our life, our heart, our soul, our earthly treasure !

But now, the rising cloud a tempest breeds—
The west wind whistles in the rustling reeds,
And ruffles into foam the dark'ning lake,
Full on its face the pond'rous vapours break---

(n) *Venus*, in the Heathen mythology.

Down pours the clatt'ring rain, and far and nigh
Smokes the black landscape, and the hazy sky.

* * * * *

Th' horizon brightens, from the dripping sprays
Sweet mellow notes salute th' emerging rays ;
Our moorings we unloose, we ply the main,
Like jolly mariners we cruise—for gain :
Alert with hope, each eagle-eye explores
The middle water, and the reedy shores,
Numb'ring our scatter'd buoys ; with busy hands,
And shouts that echo from the distant lands ;
We haul our lines, our little smack we freight
With Pike which match with any Salmon's weight.

With sport well satisfied, we fish no more—
We hoist the sail, or else we ply the oar :

And as our little bark swift glides along,
Some Angler cries,—“ COME, LADIES, SING A
SONG !”

“ BRAVO !” resounds from every mouth—all hands
Applaud the motion, and each heart expands.
Some SYREN’S voice, as sweet as that of yore,
Which drew ULYSSES to the CIRCEAN shore,
Now warbles out a strain that melts the heart,
Each feels that pleasure, which each would im-
part.

With voice more rough—a tenor, pleasing strong,
Some gentleman trolls out THE ANGLER’S SONG :
Each sex successively its skill displays,
And each grows louder in the other’s praise ;
At intervals, th’ enliv’ning glass goes round,
And the day’s sport with ev’ning’s mirth is crown’d.

This scene with those, the town affords, compare,
And say which ye prefer, ye THINKING fair !

Can midnight revels, and wax-taper gloom,
A suffocating throng, and heated room,
Insidious masks, and more insidious faces,
Furrow'd by dissipation's plough-like traces ;
Can cards and dice, and health-destroying hours,
Delight like Angling-scenes, lakes, streams and
bow'rs ?

Consult your reason—nay, consult your glass,
Alike they'll tell you rural scenes surpass.
For whilst COMPLAINTS OF FASHION they remove,
Your mind, your health, your beauty they'll im-
prove.

I love the man who angles and who rhymes—
Whose heart with mine in pleasing humour chimes ;
Let him my roof, my frugal viands share,
And leave to avarice all worldly care.
Now let's have done—the woodman, tir'd, gives o'er,
His sounding steel the echo mocks no more,

The sharp clear sky, and stiffning clod foreshew
Another stinging night : dear stream adieu !
Ere long our sporting visit we'll renew.



CANTO X.



CONCLUSION.



CANTO X.

THOUGH rude itself, **March** does its welcome bring,
We gladly hail the harbinger of **Spring**.

Though chill north winds confine us within doors,
And buried deep in snow lie fields, heaths, moors,
Yet after winter's dearth, we hope to see
All nature from her ice-bound chains set free.

Imagination paints **Spring's** cheering reign,
Though oft delay'd by frost, snow, sleet and rain,

Which blight the tree, and cut the tender plant,
And hope of plenty change to fear of want.
For, lo ! where late the healthy bud bid fair,
To prove fore-runner of a plenteous year ;
Wither'd and black, the gard'ner rues the change,
Which his late sanguine prospect does derange :
So sees some mother her lov'd infant play,
This instant well—the next—a lifeless clay ;
Bemoans the fate, her care could not prevent,
And, though resign'd, continues to lament.

Yet PATIENCE is a virtue,—rare I grant,
And what experience shows the wisest want.
Some men will boast in courage they excel—
The greatest courage lies in SUFFERING WELL :
They only death in their own persons brave,
And hope to lose their sorrows in the grave ;
The deepest of all sorrows man can prove,
Death of all deaths ! is that of those we love.
But still there's hope—a hope beyond despair.—
That we shall all to one blest scene repair.

Then let us feel for others as we would
Feel for ourselves, if we in their place stood ;
But, in both cases, feel as should a man—
'Tis GOD ordains,—submit we to his plan.
Each worldly pleasure's balanc'd by some pain,
Yet hope is giv'n us of—ETERNAL GAIN ;
Impartial justice holds the scale of fate,
To check our pride, and make us know our state.

Though storms and tempests now deface the
scene,

Yet may they usher in a Spring serene ;
The vernal verdure soon will re-appear,
The vivid green each heart—each eye—will cheer,
And we shall brood no more o'er prospects drear ;
Reluctant Winter will her sway resign,
No more with icy-bonds the earth confine ;
The husbandman will re-assume his toil,
The ANGLER forward look to finny spoil ;—
Again the fishing-tackle will prepare,
Laid by in winter with the utmost care ;

The rod, the line, the reel, the float, the lead,
The hook, the mimio fly,—before him spread,
Will pass review—for who would gain his end,
Should the minutiae of his craft attend.
Of verdant plains again will be his dreams,
His waking visions—rivers—purling streams ;
Former delights will pass him in review,
Which he will be impatient to renew.

Three seasons, thus, of the revolving year—
Spring, Summer, Autumn, all but Winter drear,
In flow'ry meadows let me ever live,
And taste the joys, which crystal streams can give ;
In unison to whose harmonious sound,
My joyous heart and dancing float rebound !
Stretch'd at my ease, thus let me view the dove
Court his chaste mate, and tempt the scenes of love !
Or rove, all harmless on some river's brink,
Where I may see my cork disportive sink,
With eager bite of Pearch, or Trout, or Dace,
Or Salmon, pride of all the finny race ;

Or those which in the flood's fair bosom swim,
Deep lodg'd, or wanton on the crystal brim !
Thus, with a fair one, with a friend or book,
Let me e'er wander near some murm'ring brook !
Or, when keen hunger prompts me, take a seat,
And take, with appetite, my homely meat ;—
See the beginning and the end of day,
And pass in contemplation time away ;
There angle quietly on, and passage crave
To an expected—and a welcome grave !



TROUT HALL;

A Song.

BRIGHT blazed the fire of crackling wood,
And threw around a cheerful gleam;
In front a vast oak table stood—
A bacon-rack hung from the beam:
Pipes, mugs, the chimney-piece well grac'd,—
In rows the fishing-rods hung o'er;
On each side Otter-skins were placed.—
Rap! Rap! Cries Dame—"Who's at the door?"

Chorus. Some jolly Anglers loud they bawl,
T' enjoy the pastime of TROUT-HALL.

Bright as her fire glow'd Dame's plump face
As her old friends she welcom'd kind;
"Here! Joan and Dolly, clear the place,
"And tap the humming ale, d'ye mind?
"First fetch my bottle of right Nantz,
"The ev'ning air is keen and raw;
"My friends of cold shall run no chance—
"You'll pledge me, gentlemen, I know."

Chorus. Come jolly Anglers, one and all,
You're kindly welcome to TROUT-HALL.

K

Their stomachs fortified, around
The sparkling fire the Anglers spread;
Fill pipes; crack jokes; the walls resound
With laughter that might rouse the dead;
The supper on the table smokes!
Round the oak board they take their seats;
Now din of knives, forks, plates!—no jokes—
Right earnest aldermanic feats.

Chorus. Much good may't do each honest soul—
Each true bred brother of TROUT-HALL!

The supper o'er, well fill'd each guest,
Dame with her private flask appears;
Hopes they are pleas'd—"She's done her best—"
They greet th' old worthy with three cheers:
Again fill tankard, pipe, and bowl,—
Joke, tale, and toast, and song go round;
Begone, dull Care! shouts ev'ry soul,
To thee this is forbidden ground—

Chorus. Begone! Thou never canst enthrall,
The JOLLY ANGLERS at TROUT HALL.

APPENDIX.

Containing useful Matters, and General Instructions in the Art of Angling, which could not be comprised in the Notes, without rendering them of too great length, and breaking the connection of the Text.



APPENDIX.

An Epitome of the Art of Angling, wherein are shewn at one view, the Harbours, Seasons and Depths for catching all Sorts of Fish, usually angled for ; also the various Baits for each, as specified at length in the notes to Canto Second, to which the reader is referred.

Names.	Where Found.	Season.	Time to Angle.	Depth from Ground.	Proper Baits.		
					See Notes in Second Canto.	Fishes.	Worms, Fish & Insects.
Bream,	toughstream, river or mill-pond.	Apr. to Mich.	sunrise to 9, 3 to sunset.	touch ground.	No. 1, 3,	No. 1, to 7,	No. 1, 8.
Barbel,	gravel banks, currents, under bridges.	Apr. to Aug.	very early on late.	ditto.	No. 2,	No. 2, 6,	
Bleak,	sandy bottom, deep rivers, ships' sterns.	May to Oct.	all day.	6 inches.	No. 2,	No. 2, 3,	
Carp,	still deep, mud bottom, pond or river.	May to Aug.	sunrise to 9, 3 to sunset.	3 inches in hot weather, mid-water.	No. 1, 3, 4,	No. 1, 2, 3, 4, 7,	
Chub or Chevin, }	ditto	May to Dec.	ditto.	ditto.	No. 2,	No. 1, 2, 4, 5,	No. 7, 8.
Dace,	sandy bottom, deep river, ships' sterns.	May to Oct.	all day.	6 to 12 inches.	No. 3, 4,	No. 1, to 5, & 8,	
Gudgeon,	gravel shoals.	ditto.	ditto.	near or on ground.	ditto,	No. 2, 8,	
Pike,	near clay banks.	all year.	ditto.	mid-water.	roach & line float snap.		No. 1, 2, 3, 4.
Pearch,	riverstream } or gravel, } pond, deep- } weedy } est part. } bottom.	May to Aug.	sunrise to 10, 2 to sunset.	ditto.	No. 2,	No. 3, 5, 7, 8,	No. 1, 6.
Roach,	sandy bottom, deep river, ships' stern.	May to Oct.	ditto.	6 to 12.	No. 1, 2, 4, 5,	No. 1, 6,	No. 8.
Salmon,	deep rivers.	March to Sep.	3 to 9, 3 to 6.	midway.	all large.	No. 1, 2,	No. 1.
Smelts,	ships' sterns & docks.	Apr. to Oct.	all day.	midway.	all small	No. 1, 2,	bits of smelts.
Trout,	purling stream, eddies of stony bottom rivers.	March to Mich.	ditto.	cold weather, 6 to 9, hot weather, mid-water.	No. 1, to 5,	No. 1, 2, 5, to 8,	No. 1, 8.
Tench,	mud bottom, river or pond.	all year.	sun-rise to 9, 3 to sunset.	cold weather, 3 inches, hot-top to mid-water.	No. 1, 3, 4,	No. 1, 3, 4, to 7,	
Umber or Grayling, }	clay bottom, swift streams.	all year.	all day.	ches; hot-mid-water.	No. 1, to 5,	all.	No. 1, 8.



APPENDIX.

Choice of Fishing Tackle,

AND

Instructions to make Rods, Lines, &c.

THE choice of fishing-tackle must necessarily depend on experience; therefore a beginner, if he be possessed of common prudence, will consult some experienced angling friend, or some fishing-tackle maker of repute. The rod should be light and taper, diminishing gradually to the point, and above all not too heavy, which will occasion it to dip, when the angler strikes, and loosen, or totally disengage the hook from the mouth of the fish. The cane rods are allowed to be the best, because they are the

lightest, and may be had at all the fishing-tackle shops. But as most country places are without this advantage, the next and best succedaneum is the hazel-rod. I never used any other in my youth; and in more experienced hands, I have seen as much execution done, as with any of more fashionable construction. In short, I should give it the preference, and it abounds every where; and when properly seasoned, the difference between its weight, and that of a cane rod, is scarcely perceptible, especially if the bottom part be made of dry deal. The best way of preparing it is as follows:—Procure three wands of hazel, of a size gradually diminishing, dry them during the winter by putting them up a chimney, or over the cap of an oven. Slope off the end of each piece for two inches, so that they may form perfect joints with each other, and fasten them with shoemaker's waxed thread. The whalebone top may be reduced as fine as required, by scraping it with the sharp edges of broken glass. As there are but two joints with waxed thread, it requires only a few minutes to put it together, or disjoin, and it will be as portable as any other rod, and nearly as light, if, as mentioned before, the bottom piece be made of dry deal, and painted.

FISHING-LINES. See note (b) page 21. But as they are not to be bought in many country places, I have often made them myself, as follows:—get a quantity of the longest horse-hair, and twist three of them together through your fingers; for the part next the rod, again twist three of these together; join as many of these links as you may think necessary; according to the length you intend your line to be, and then decrease gradually, ending with two hairs, one or two links from the hook. You may make it wholly of white hair; of white and gray mixed together, or dye it, as directed in note (b) page 21.

FISHING-FLOATS, may be easily made from a pattern, or even from the description in note (c) page 22.

FISHING-HOOKS must be procured, it requiring long practice, and a very ingenious hand to make them.

NATURAL FLIES; see note (g) pages 25, 26, and throughout the work.

ARTIFICIAL FLIES: Little more can be added on this head to what is contained in the second part of note (g) pages 26, 27. Some writers have given directions for making them, although they candidly acknowledge that one single trial will speak more

than a volume. A beginner, therefore, should see one made by an experienced person, or get a well made one as a pattern. Having by repeated trials attained to imitate one successfully, he will find little or no trouble with any of the rest.

In the choice of flies to be used at different seasons the best and the natural guide is to beat the hedges, bushes, &c. and observe what species are then in season, and he will be sure never to miss. An industrious and thorough-bred Angler will grudge no pains—no labour—to contribute towards the improvement of his favorite art.



Baits:

Pastes, Unguents, &c. and Directions for using them.

IN addition to the baits mentioned in the notes, p. 23, and following, old experienced Anglers have made trial of various other compounds, as incentives to decoy the different kinds of fishes, which they pretend to be very successful. It seems, indeed, to be a fact, that, either from the insipidity of the element in which they exist, or of their usual food, fishes are fond of baits pleasing to the eye, strong in the scent, and savoury to the palate. The following unguents have therefore been recommended, either to anoint the baits, or to enter into the composition itself, which latter seems by far the best mode, as less liable to be washed off by the water.

Oil of Ivy-berries, obtained either by expression or infusion; balsam of Ivy, procured by incision into the trunk or lower branches of the Ivy tree; assa-

foetida; camphor; turpentine; spirits of vitriol; oils of lavender, anise, amber, rosemary, spike, myrrh, pennyroyal, comfrey, &c. &c.

Some Anglers recommend to anoint the baits with either of the above articles, or with a mixture of two or more of them;—others to anoint only a foot or two of the line next the bait: and others only to put a few drops into the box along with the baits, which by remaining there an hour before using, imbibe the scent sufficiently. The fact is, the first mode appears to be best with pastes; the second for flies; and the last for gentles, worms, &c.

Various matters are made use of in the composition of different pastes; such as, the boiled flesh of rabbit, fowl, turkey, veal, or any other white meat; sheeps suet and blood, old cheese, virgin-wax, rennet, white bread, dough, saffron, rusty bacon, &c. formed into a proper consistence, with honey, treacle, tar, or any other glutinous substance. No two Anglers, however, agree in specifying exactly the same articles in any of the numerous receipts handed down to us. They appear to use them indifferently, and each individual to be partial to that which he finds to succeed the best. Indeed, when it is considered that the same baits will not take in different

rivers, nor even in the same river at different seasons and changes of weather, it must be concluded that practice can be the only guide, and a change of bait, the best, and surest road to success. But for the more ready instruction of the unpractised learner, we give the following detail as the most approved compositions used by experienced Anglers for the different species of fishes.

BARBEL.

The lob-worm (well scoured); gentles (not so much scoured as to deprive them of their green colour); cheese, wrapped in a wet cloth to make it white and tough, and rubbed with honey, an hour or two before using; sheep's tallow and soft cheese beaten into a paste; a bit of rusty bacon. Fish at ground. See note (i) pp. 45 and 46, for general directions.

BREAM.

A paste made of brown bread and honey; gentles, dock worms: a large red worm, well scoured for three weeks or a month; green flies and butterflies;

grasshoppers, deprived of legs; sheep's blood, hardened before the fire. Fish near the bottom; and keep as still and much out of sight as possible. See note (g) pp. 43, 44, 45, for general directions.

CARP.

This species delights in sweet baits: wherefore, whether you use gentles, worms, or paste, the two former should be rubbed with honey, and the latter never fail to have honey, or sugar, in their composition. The best kind of paste is made of the whitest boiled meat shred very fine, the finest flour (bean flour is the best) beaten together with honey or sugar, to render it tough enough to hang on the hook; or for better security, mix a little white or yellow wool: (according to the colour of the paste) a precaution that should be observed in all pastes to prevent their being washed off the hooks. See note (d) pages 104-5, for general directions.

CHUB OR CHEVEN.

The best baits for this fish are a grasshopper, a beetle, or any large fly. In March and April, it may

be caught with a large red-worm; in June and July with flies, snails and cherries; in August and September, the proper bait is good cheese worked up with a little butter; some add rusty bacon, and others say the bacon alone will do. He prefers a large bait, and two or three kinds at once on the hook. Minnows, roach, and eels, cut small, ox brains, and the pith of the back, are also recommended in proper seasons. The Chub bites in summer from sun-rise till nine in the morning; and from three in the afternoon till sun-set. The following are the best directions:* for Chub-fishing fish at top, and mid water in warm weather, and at bottom in cold weather. Your rod must be very strong, and your tackle the same; drop the bait near where you see the fish or suppose it to lie, and if he do not see the angler he very seldom fails to bite; he is so strong a fish that he must be played some time after he is struck, or the tackle will be in danger, and it will be prudent to use a landing net. The Chub usually lies in holes

* Where directions are not contained in the notes for angling for any particular fish, lest they might be rendered too bulky for the text, they will be added in the Appendix, to render this work as general and useful as possible.

overshaded by willows, or other trees; sometimes numbers are seen together, floating near the surface in hot weather. Keep out of sight, and they will bite as fast as you throw in. Having once found a hole to which Chub resort, you may always look for sport there.

DACE.

The Dace will bite at any fly, but he is most partial to the stone-caddis, or May fly, which may be gathered in great quantities, at the latter end of April, and the whole of the month of May among the reeds of sedges by the water-side, and on the hawthorn bushes near the waters. These are a large and handsome bait, but as they are in season only a small part of the year, the succedaneum is the ant-fly. Of these the black ones found in large mole-hills or ant-hills are the best. These may be kept alive a long time in a bottle, with a little of the earth of the hill, and some roots of grass. They are good in April and May; they are in season throughout the months of June, July, August and September; but best of all when they swarm, which is in the end of July, or beginning of August, and may be kept longer in a

vessel washed out with a solution of honey and water, than with the earth and grass-roots in a phial, though that is the best method with a small quantity taken for one day's sport.

Directions for fishing.*—In warm weather Dace seldom refuse the flesh-fly, or small house-fly at top water; but at other times the bait must be sunk to within three inches of the bottom. In the winter months a very different bait is required; this is a white maggot with a reddish head, which is the produce of the eggs of the beetle, and turned up with the plough in abundance. Have a quick eye and strike the instant they bite. If you fish with three or four hooks, you may take two or more dace at a time. Notwithstanding the flesh of Dace is in little repute, yet when fresh taken and broiled, it is better than either a herring, or even a pilchard, as the author has often experienced. For the method of intoxicating them, see note (o) page 50.

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EEL.

Eels will bite greedily at several sorts of baits, such as lob and garden-worms, hen's-guts, fish gar-

* See note, p. 205.

bage, small frogs, minnows, gudgeons, and particularly powdered beef. They bite best in a shower, after a thunder-storm, in windy, gloomy weather.

Directions :—In a dry hot season when the streams are low, practice snigglng or bobbing.

Snigglng is chiefly used in the day-time, when the eels are fond of hiding themselves near weirs, mills, or floodgates. It is performed thus: take a strong line and hook, baited with a garden worm, and, observing or guessing at the holes where the eels lie hid, thrust your bait into them by the help of a stick; and if there be any, you are sure to have a bite, and, if the tackling hold, get the largest eels. For another mode of snigglng, as likewise of bobbing, see note (c) pages 169, 170, 171. But the most proper time for taking eels is in the night, fastening your line to the bank-side, with your laying hook in the water; or a line with a number of hooks may be thrown across the river, baited and plumbed, and fastened to both sides, with a float to discover where the line lies, that it may be taken up in the morning.

FLOUNDER.

The most proper baits are all sorts of worms, wasps, and gentles.

*Directions :**—Flounders may be fished for all day long, either in a swift stream, or in the still deep water; but best in the stream in the months of April, May, June, and July. They also lie on the sides of sand banks, or on gravel, where there is a steep declivity; the tail of mill streams, or the end of a stream in a deep still place. They never lie on a muddy bottom.

The usual mode of angling for them, is to sink the line by a small running bullet near the bottom of the line, but so far from it that about a foot and a half from the hook may play in the water; and besides flounders, pike, perch and eels are often taken thus. If a float be used, let it lie flat on the surface, and, when it moves along slowly, and presently stands upright, then strike, but give time, for he is some time in sucking in the bait.

GRAYLING.

This fish takes all the baits which a trout does; and I have caught them on the same day and with the same flies. Under water he takes the ash grub,

* See note, p. 205.

dock worm, wheat or malt boiled, or a small red-worm.

The jag-tail, which is a worm of a pale flesh colour, with a yellow tag on its tail, is an excellent bait in March and April. But the best of all, perhaps, is a large grasshopper, (with the uppermost wing pulled off) and a cad-bait fastened on the point of the hook so as to be in continual play.

*Directions:**— Under water, fish six or nine inches from the bottom ; keep out of sight, for he is timid, and strike gently, or he is so tender mouthed he will break from his hold ; yet so simple that he will return to the bait.

GUDGEON.

The best bait for gudgeons is a small red-worm, fishing very near the ground ; and being very leather-mouthed, they will not easily get off when struck. Wasps, gentles, and cad-baits are also tolerable baits, but they slight flies either above or below water. They bite all day from March to October. They may be fished for with a float, the

* See note, p. 205.

hook being on the ground; or by hand with a running line on the ground, without cork or float. Let your hook and baits be small, and do not strike quick, for they nibble the bait before they swallow it, but will be sure to take it. Some fish for gudgeons with two or three hooks at once, and find pleasant sport where they rise any thing large. In angling for them, it is necessary to stir up the sand or gravel with a pole or rake; this will make them gather round that place and bite the more eagerly. It is immaterial whether they see the angler or no, for they are undaunted.

MULLET.

The baits for this fish are red-worms of all sorts, gentles, wasps, at or very near the bottom; a lob or marsh-worm within two feet of the bottom; at top all the flies that the Trout takes, but the artificial ones should be of a rather larger size. His haunts are the same as those of the flounder; he comes and returns with the tide, bites freely, and is in season from May to September.

PEARCH.

This fish will take almost any bait except a fly; roach or dace cut in pieces; tobs, gentles, pastes; minnows, small frogs, lob or red worms well scoured. Angle at bottom with the red-worm in March; the oak-worm, a young frog, or a red-mail in April; dock or worms that breed on osier, oak, or hawthorn leaves in May; the red-worm with the head nipped off and a caddis put on before it, in June; a large grasshopper or earth-grub in July; and red-worms or brandlings in August and afterwards.

See note (a) pages 82, 83.

PIKE.

Any bait but a fly. Large gudgeons, young roach or dace; minnows, loaches, bull-heads, bleak, gregs; pieces of eel, a pigeon's craw, scoured, a bit of fat bacon; in July, the yellowest frogs.

This fish breeds but once a year, in March. It is found in almost all fresh waters; but is very different in goodness, according to the nature of the places where it lives. The finest Pike are those which feed in clear rivers; those in ponds or meres

are inferior ; and the worst of all are those of the fen ditches. They are very plentiful in those last places, where the water is foul and coloured ; and their food, such as frogs and the like, very plentiful, but very coarse ; so that they grow large, but are yellowish and high-bellied, and differ greatly from those which live in the clearer waters. They avoid brackish waters, and parts near the sea. They may be fished for, from the latter end of April, all through the year. Their best biting-time is early and late from April to July ; three in the afternoon from July to September ; and, in the winter-months, all day long, but seldom in the night at any season. The best sport is in clear water, and in a high wind, on a dark cloudy day ; and (in muddy rivers only) after a flood, when the water is growing clear. In hot bright, sultry weather, when he lies basking at the top, he will not bite, nor in dark, rainy weather ; nor in water discoloured (or of a milky tinge) by land-floods.

For full directions for the different modes of angling for Pike, see note (e) pages 144—5 ; note (a) 163—4 ; note (b) 176—7—8.

POPE OR RUFF.

These fish will take almost any bait, greedily, and a minnow almost as big as themselves; gentles, caddis, and a brandling or red-worm; the latter has the preference.

They resort to a deep gentle stream shaded by trees, where there is sand or gravel; they always flock in shoals together, so that if you catch one, you may take all there are in a hole. Fish from top to bottom, as they will seize the bait any where.

ROACH.

They will bite at all the baits that the dace and chub take; but when flies are used, they must be under water. Angle with pastes in winter; in April with worms or caddis; in very hot months, with very little white snails, perriwinkles, shrimps, flies, and a red-worm in windy weather. In the hot months also roach may be taken thus: take a May or an ant-fly, sink him with a little lead to the bottom near the piles of a bridge or weir, in deep places; pull up your fly leisurely, and the roach will follow

to the top, gaze on it there, and run and seize it, lest it should escape him.

His haunts are gentle shallow streams, with sandy or gravelly bottom; or against the mouth of a small stream, falling into a larger one.

Directions:—The tackle must be strong, the float large and heavy leaded, to sink the quicker: the hook must rest ten or twelve inches, at most, from the bottom. The best times are from half ebb-tide to within two hours of high water.

SALMON.

They are very nice and whimsical in the choice of their baits, and in changing it. They take all that the trout and dace do, but they must be of a larger size. If you angle with worms, you will find your account in anointing them with the unguents mentioned before. They are not so fond of a minnow, nor of a fly as the trout is; but of flies, the living one is the best, several on one hook. For more particular directions, see note (k) page 69; and note (l) page 70. For hours of angling, see note (h) page 68.

Their haunts are the clearest waters, nearest the spring-heads in summer; the deepest part of a rapid

stream in the middle, and near the ground; on pebbly, chalky, or gravelly bottoms. SALMON-PEAL chuse deep holes, near the bank, under the root of a tree.

SMELT.

The baits are gentles, white paste, or a bit of its own species.

They are to be caught only twice a year, in March and August.

TENCH.

They will bite at a paste made of brown bread and honey with a little tar, of which latter article they are very fond; marsh-lob, or red-worms, anointed with tar, or the following unguent:—mix the clotted black blood, found in a sheep's heart, with fine flour and honey, into the consistence of an unguent, and anoint your worms with it. He will take also wasps, gentles, caddis.

The best seasons for angling are early and late, as for the carp, in a still, smooth water, and best in a cloudy, drizzling, or rainy morning, when it is warm, and with the wind to south or west. They

are best from the beginning of September to the end of May. They are out of season during the hot months, yet then they bite most freely, even all night long.

They are chiefly a pond fish, and their haunts are the same as those of the carp, only they love the foulest and muddiest bottoms, among weeds.

Directions:—Fish strong, and near the bottom; or if you bait with a marsh or flag-worm, nearer the middle; allow him a great deal of time to bite and swallow. He is no shy fish.

TROUT.

The Trout takes all kinds of flies, natural or artificial; see note (g) pp. 25, 26, 27: but, to save the Angler trouble, it may be as well to state the opinion of the most experienced men, that the stone-fly and green-drake fly, will answer all purposes for all seasons of the year. He will seize all sorts of worms. See note (f) pp. 24, 25, but prefers a lob-worm and brandling; the larger sort in thick water, and smaller in a clear stream. The caddis is an excellent bait at bottom, and will answer during the greatest part of the year. Small minnows, loaches, bull

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heads, or any other small fish, are good at a foot or so under water, or a grasshopper in dipping, as for chub.

Trout (as also grayling) may be fished for at top, in mid-water, and at bottom.

Of Angling at top with a fly, alive or artificial.

1. *The Natural-fly.* Of these two sorts only are in general use, the green-drake and stone-fly, and those in the months of May and June only.

The mode of fishing with these is called dipping, and is thus performed. Use a short line, half the length of your rod, if there be no wind stirring; or if there be sufficient to carry it away from you, the whole length of your rod. Keep your line flying before you, up or down the river, according as the wind blows, and angle as near the bank of the river on which you stand as you can, and, when you see a fish rise, guide your fly quickly over him. If you are pretty well concealed, by kneeling or the intervention of a tree or bush, you may be tolerably certain to take him if you be quick, otherwise, he will be gone, as he is always roving about in search of prey. Your line ought to have three hairs next the

hook, not only because you may expect the largest fish in this mode of angling, but also, as having no length of line to play him with, you must tug with him for the superiority, and land him as it were by main force. No part of your line must touch the water.

2. *Artificial-fly fishing.* For full directions for this mode of angling, see note (c) pp. 40, 41.

Of Angling at mid-water with a small minnow or other fish; or with a worm, grub, or caddis.

1. With a minnow, or other small fish. Of minnows the middle-sized and whitest are the best. It must be put so on the hook as to turn about when it is drawn against the stream; and to enable it to perform this evolution the better, put it on rather a large sized hook. The following is the direction generally given for doing this: put the hook in at the mouth and draw it out at the gill, and three or four inches beyond it; draw it again through the mouth, and the point to its tail; then tie the hook and tail together very neatly with white thread, which will make it turn more readily and quick in the water. Then pull back the slack of your line, left when you put the

hook into the minnow the second time, so that the body shall be almost straight on the hook. Then try how it will turn by drawing it across the water, or against the stream; if it do not turn nimbly, move the tail a little to the right or left, and try again till you find it turn quickly. A loach, which is by many preferred to a minnow, or a stickle-back, or any other small fish, may be served in the same manner, and will answer the purpose as well. However, as this mode requires practice, and a great deal of nicety, the young angler will do better to put the hook in at the mouth, and through the under jaw, with the point downwards, which is easily performed, saves trouble, and is equally as good a way.

2. Angling with a worm, grub, or caddis. The best baits in this mode of fishing are the lob-worm and the brandling; the first for a large, and the second for a smaller trout. In muddy, or discoloured water, also, the lob-worm is best, and a brandling in clear water. You must use a cork float and the finest tackle.

Of Angling at bottom with a ground-bait.

Angling at bottom is performed either by hand, or with a cork, or other float.

Angling by hand is performed in three ways.

1. With a line about half the length of the rod, three hairs next the hook, and a heavy lead, which is called a running-line, baited with one large brandling, or a moderate sized dew-worm; or two small ones of the first, or of any other species of worm, for a Trout will refuse none. If you fish with two worms, bait your hook thus: run the point of your hook in at the head of the first worm, and so through the body, till it be past the knot, and then let it out, and draw the worm above the arming, that you may not bruise it with your finger, in drawing on the other worm. Run the point of the hook in below the knot of this and upwards through his body towards the head, till it be just covered by the lead: this done, draw the first worm down over the arming again, till the knots of both worms come in contact. As this is the natural position of worms at certain seasons of the year, the fish will be easily deceived.

2. The second way of angling by hand with a

running line, is with a longer line, and tackle made in the following manner : at the utmost extremity of the line, where the hook is always placed in all other modes of fishing, fix a pistol bullet, by cutting it through nearly to the centre, inserting the line in the slit, and fastening it there with a peg, or by biting it together till it closes over the line. Six inches above the bullet, on a link of line of about six inches length, with a hook baited with a worm or two worms as in the preceding article ; and half a foot above that fix another link of line, armed and baited in the same manner, but with a different species of worm, but without any lead : by so doing, the Angler will be sure to find the exact depth, which with leads above the hook can never be done without dragging the hooks whilst he is sounding. Both these modes are best in dark, muddy water, where neither the shadow of the Angler nor of his tackle will spoil his sport.

3. The third way of Angling by hand with a ground-bait, and deemed by far the best, is with a line, longer still, and with no more than one hair next the hook, and for two or three lengths above it, and one small shot for a plumb ; the hook little, the worms of the smaller brandling, very well scoured,

and only one upon the hook at a time, which is to be put on thus: put the point of the hook in at the very tag of the tail, and run it up the body quite over all the arming, and an inch or more above it upon the line, the head hanging downwards. Thus prepared, angle always in streams, clear in preference to troubled, and up the river; cast your worm out before you with a light rod, as in fly-fishing, and it will be taken, sometimes at top, or within a very little distance from the surface, and almost always before so light a plumb can sink it to the bottom, both by reason of the stream, and because you must always keep the worm in motion, by drawing it towards you, as if you were angling with a fly. This mode is supposed to be preferable to all others in fishing with a worm, in clear water especially, not only for a trout but a grayling. If the Angler will wade into the tail of a shallow stream, by keeping off the bank he will be much more likely to meet with success.

This last mode is commended by some authors, particularly by Colonel Venables, (*Exper. Angler*, p. 33) for night fishing for Trout; but with this difference, that the bait is to be two great lob or garden worms, baited to hang at even lengths as possible,

for which directions will be given hereafter, under the article *Night-Fishing for Trout*.

Angling at bottom with a cork or other float is practised in two ways:

1. With a worm;

2. With a grub or caddis.

1. With a worm, let your line be nearly as long as your rod, with two or three hairs next the hook in dark water, but only one hair for several lengths above the hook in clear water, and what worm you may think best for a bait: the plumb must be suited to the float, and the float to the swiftness or slowness of the stream, and both in very clear water as fine as possible; bait with one of the lesser sort of brandlings, or, if they are very small, with two, as before directed. Angle as near the bottom as you can without letting the bait drag the ground for a trout; but for a grayling, nearer the middle, as he is a fish more liable to rise than descend, even to a ground bait.

2. With a grub or caddis, make use of a line as long as your rod, with only one hair for two or three

lengths above the hook, with the smallest float and lightest plumb possible, so as the stream will but just admit it to sink: the surest way to attain this point will be to fish in the return of a stream, or in the eddy between two streams, which are the likeliest places to find fish either at top or bottom. Of grubs, the ash-grub, which is plump, milk-white, bent round from head to tail, and exceedingly tender, with a red head; or the dock-worm, a grub of a pale yellow, longer and tougher than the other, with rows of feet all down the belly, and a red head, are the best for a grayling; for though a trout will take both these (the ash-grub especially) yet he does it not so freely; but if he bites, he is generally a large one. These baits should be kept in bran, which renders the ash-grub tougher and better able to stand baiting; for he is so tender, that it is necessary to fasten it to the hook with a hair, letting the end to stand up at the head of the hook, so as to keep the bait from slipping entirely off the hook, or down to the point, so as to leave the arming quite bare. To remedy this, it will be best, in this mode of angling, to arm the hook with the whitest horse-hair, which will resemble and shine like the bait itself. Grubs are to

be baited thus : put the hook in beneath the head, and guide it down the middle of the body, without suffering it to come out at the sides (for then the inside will flow out and nothing but the skin remain,) till the point of the hook come so low that the head of the bait may rest and stick upon the hair that is to hold it, by which means it can neither slip off of itself, nor will the force of the stream wash it off.

The caddis or cad-bait (which is the most sure killing bait of any) may be put on the hook, two or three together, and is sometimes, with very good effect, joined to a worm, and to an artificial-fly, so as just to cover the point of the hook. The finest tackle must be used with it, and it is a never-failing bait, for trout and grayling, at all seasons of the year.

Another, and the best way of angling with the caddis, is at the top as with a fly. Draw it on the shank of the hook, as the artificial fly (above the bend of the hook, and keeping the blue gut in, or the fish will not take it) and it will prove excellent for Trout. Where the stream is very swift, put a very slender lead on the shank of the hook, and draw the caddis over it, raising it often from the bottom, and

letting it sink again. The caddis may be easily and well imitated by framing the head of black silk, and the body of yellow wax, or yellow shamois leather. The trout will not take the caddis in muddy waters ; therefore it must be used only in clean ones.

Night Angling for Trout.

It is known only to the experienced (I cannot add *fair*) angler, that the best trouts come out of their haunts in the night; and the manner of taking them at that time is by fishing on the top of the water in a still place, (for in streams the bait will not be so well seen) with a great lob, or garden-worm, (or better with two worms, put on as before directed) baited in the following manner: If it be a single large lob-worm, put the hook in somewhat above, and out again a little below the middle: then draw it above the arming of the hook. At the entering of the hook, it must not be at the head of the worm, but at the tail end of it, that the point of the hook may come out toward the head end; and having drawn him above the arming of the hook, put the point of the hook again into the very head of the worm, until it come near the place where the point of the hook first came out, then draw back that part of the worm

that was above the shank or arming of the hook, and so fish with it; and if you would rather angle with two worms, put the second on before you turn back the hook's head of the first worm. Having thus baited, draw the bait over the top of the water forward and backward; and if there be a large trout in the hole, he will take it, especially if the night be dark, for then he is bold and lies near the top of the water, watching the motion of any frog or other prey swimming above him; for it is to be observed that the old trout is both timid and subtle, lies close during the day, as the timorous hare does in her form, and scarcely ever feeds in the day, but at night is very bold.

In night-angling for trout, you must use a strong line and rather large hook, and let him have time to gorge the bait, for he will seldom forsake it at night, as is often the case in day-fishing; and, if the night be not dark, fish with an artificial-fly of a light colour; for he is so greedy that he will sometimes rise at a dead mouse, a piece of cloth, or any thing that swims across the water, or is in motion.

Another mode of night-angling is by carrying a lighted torch, or candle, and lanthorn, which will attract the fish in great quantities and near the top

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of the water, where they are struok with a trout spear, or caught in a net.

GENERAL DIRECTIONS.

GROUND bait the night before you mean to angle, with a handful or two of lob-worms; but it should be observed that where there are many minnows or chubs, the Angler must expect few or no trouts, for the trouts destroy the minnows, and the chubs will drive out the trouts, and keep possession. Observe also, that you need make but three or four throws in a stand, for if a trout does not take the bait then, there is none there, or he will not take it at all. Fish strong and fine, and take as much precaution as possible to keep out of sight. In muddy or discoloured water, you may be more bold, fish with coarser tackle, and stand nearer: a worm is better than a fly; but in clear water a brandling is the best of all baits. If you angle with a float or ledger-bait, lie as close to the bottom as you can without dragging. When you use a fly, keep it

always playing upon the water, drawing it up and down the stream as the wind will permit. When your natural flies are dead on the hook, an excellent method is to cut off their wings, and put on a shot to sink them to mid-water. After a shower of rain, trouts will rise greedily at gnats; in the evening of a hot day, dib with a grasshopper on a short line, as before directed for chub.

OTHER BAITS.

Fishes and Insects. See note (*h*) p. 27.

Worms. See note (*f*) pp. 24, 25.

WEATHER. •

This is a principal consideration for the Angler, for it will be labour in vain for him to try when the fish will not bite. The proper seasons are, in calm clear weather; in a brisk south or west breeze, no matter how high it be; in the hottest months when it is cool and cloudy; after floods, when the mud subsides, and the water is rather whitish; after a hasty violent shower has somewhat discoloured and swelled the current, especially for ground-fishing. When a river is very much swollen, and the current swift, in any still pit

by its sides, the mouth of any creek emptying itself into it, and the ends of bridges, where the water is calm and quiet, if not too deep, there is excellent sport. When the flashes are let down, or mill dams let loose, following the current. The improper seasons are, in a strong eastern, or cold northerly wind after a long drought; in the middle of days that are excessively hot, especially in muddy, or clear shallow rivers; when there has been a white frost in the morning; in high windy days; just after fishes have spawned; upon rising of any sudden clouds that prove the fore-runners of heavy rain: the days following dark, cloudy, or windy nights; when rivers, especially small ones, are dammed up by flood-gates, or mills, and run low.

Having now given the best and most approved directions that could be gleaned from preceding writers on the **ART OF ANGLING**, and most of which have been stamped by practical experience, in as ample and plain a manner as a Work will admit of, that professes only to be a **COMPENDIUM**, nothing remains but for the author to express his ardent hopes

that the reader may experience as much pleasure in the perusing, as he has in the writing them from **OLD RECOLLECTIONS**, and to wish

HEALTH AND SUCCESS
TO
ALL BROTHER ANGLERS.



W. Shackell, Printer, 11, Johnson's-court, Fleet-street, London.



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